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# "DEAR OLD GEORGETOWN"

OR

## Memoirs of Mrs. Martha Elizabeth Smith



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## PREFATORY NOTE

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THIS memorial to Mrs. Martha Elizabeth Smith was written at the request and with the help of her sister, Mrs. Sarah E. Cotton. The preparation of the little volume was a labor of love. The writer, while pastor of the church in Sedalia, of which General Smith and his daughters were members, was often in their home, and came to know and to love them as sincere and devoted friends. He was also with the family during the last sickness and the death of General Smith, and on the occasion of the funeral made the address. These incidents are recited that the reader may understand that the author has spoken out of the inspiration of sacred memories which have grown brighter and sweeter with the changing years.

June, 1915







MRS. MARTHA E. SMITH

## TO MY SISTER

(From an old album of my girlhood.)

As gazing on thy unsullied heart  
I'd pause before I rashly traced  
A prayer, a hope, a wish or thought  
Where it could never be erased.  
So now I falter ere I stain  
This leaf of purest white,  
So thrillingly intense the strain  
My heart would here indite.

Yes, sister mine, thy sunny smile  
From memory's twilight dawn  
Has beamed upon the shadowy aisle  
Through which my path hath worn,  
To brighten every joy I knew,  
To gild each passing cloud,  
With heart forever warm and true  
And spirit justly proud.

Yet, when I'd strike this harp unskilled  
To speak the ever murmuring love  
Which for aye! its cords have thrilled,  
Those cords refuse to move;  
And trembling with the weight intense  
Of feeling's fervid glow  
Sends up its prayer for God to bless,  
What can the heart do more?

Georgetown, November 29, 1853.





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I

HER FATHER

*The best part of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.*

—William Wordsworth.

*The man who is deserving the name is the one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than for himself.*

—Walter Scott.

*What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god!*

—Shakespeare.

*He was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;  
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.*

*He hath a tear, and a hand  
Open as the day, for melting charity.*

—Shakespeare.





GEN. GEORGE R. SMITH

## Chapter I

# HER FATHER

*He was a good and a just man, determined in purpose, not to be shaken by the fury of a mob, or the frown of a threatening tyrant.*

*—A Latin Poet.*

It is the teaching of phrenology that there never was a great woman who did not have a great father, and never a great man who did not have a great mother.

Heredity and environment are the influences that determine character and destiny. The first of all blessings that can come to a child is to be born of sweet and virtuous parentage into a genial home where it is easy to do right and hard to do wrong. The first distinction that came to Mrs. Martha E. Smith is she was well born. The family both of her father and of her mother in this country originated in the colony of Virginia. They also shared the sacrifices, the toils, and the glories of the Revolution, and later helped to frame the Constitution, which Mr. William E. Gladstone pronounced the most wonderful document ever struck at a given time from the brain and the purpose of man.

*— Eleven —*

## MEMOIRS

*"Great were the thoughts and strong the mind  
Of those who formed in high debate  
The immortal league of love that binds  
Our fair broad empire state to state."*

Her father, the lamented Gen. George R. Smith, was a man of heroic mold, both in body and in mind. At his birth "Nature and fortune joined to make him great. On his brow every god did set his seal to give the world assurance of a man." In form and feature he was a son of Anak. He was a conspicuous figure in any company. In personal appearance there was a striking resemblance between General Smith and the late Lieut.-Gen. Winfield Scott, the most colossal figure who was ever at the head of our army. He was both the wonder and the admiration of the Mexican people as he led his triumphant columns into the capital. General Smith's calm, benevolent face, set in a frame-work of iron gray hair, was a study for an artist. It was a face that good women and little children loved and trusted. To such he was as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. He wore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman. "He was as kind a man as ever trod on shoe leather; mighty good to the poor; a main friend to all honest people, and had a face like a benediction."

His mind was well balanced, active and alert. It had the logic of instinct and went straight to a conclusion without any long or tortuous course of reasoning. He divined while others delved. In many of



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the finer and the diviner things of life that made for the well-being and the happiness of the race he lived a hundred years in advance of his generation. His library was large and well selected. His books, next to his family, were his chief companions. His information was varied, extensive and accurate. He had a genius for work whether dealing with the problems of business, the affairs of state, or the study of a great book. He read the best literature, both of the present and the past. This put him in touch with the best thought of the world and kept him abreast of the advancing age in which he lived. His versatility of talent was remarkable. He was original both in thought and method. Not content to always follow the broad and beaten way, he marked out for himself new paths into unexplored fields. He was a beacon to his neighbors, lured them to higher worlds and led the way. He was capable of great emancipations. Most men are not. They anchor early and stay anchored. The changing thought and life of the world may disturb them, but it never moves them on and out into the ever-widening circles of truth and vision. Once determined on a great enterprise General Smith took no counsel with his doubts. He believed that "doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt it." He burned the bridges behind him, cut off all avenues of retreat, and pressed forward till he reached the goal and received the crown. In a proposed course

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of conduct he never calculated the sacrifice. His only question was: "Is it right?"

His constructive ability was wonderful. He built one of the most substantial and stately homes in his town at the time. It stands today in the midst of ample and well kept grounds. He went onto an open prairie and began the construction of a city with wide streets and reservations for parks. He gave the place a winsome name in honor of his daughter, although he had to coin the word, Sedalia, which comes from Sed, a pet name for Sarah. This beautiful town with its beautiful name, and still more beautiful in the blue of the skies that bend over it, is the metropolis of central Missouri. He was the leading spirit in the promotion and the construction of a railroad that stretches across the continent from the Mississippi river to the Pacific ocean. This was done in the face of determined opposition, discouragement and derision. Some intelligent people made the pious remark that men like Senator Thomas H. Benton and Gen. George R. Smith ought to be placed in the lunatic asylum at Fulton, all because they dared to dream that a railroad could be built across the great American desert and the Rocky Mountains to the Golden Gate. In later years the dream of these pioneers of whom the world was not worthy, became a splendid reality.

General Smith used to say to the citizens of Georgetown, who opposed his efforts to secure the Missouri Pacific Railway, that some day he would make George-

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town a habitation for bats and owls. This prophecy was strikingly fulfilled. The writer of this tribute while living in Sedalia some years ago had occasion to visit Georgetown, the former county seat only three miles away. The glory of the place, like the glory of Babylon, had departed. With few exceptions, all the population had moved away, mostly to Sedalia. There was nothing to suggest that it was once the commercial center of the county, and the home of many able and distinguished men, such as the lamented Senator George G. Vest and Judge Jno. F. Phillips. The old courthouse was still standing, but could scarcely be seen for the luxurious growth of weeds and sprouting locust trees which reached almost to the top of the building. The glass in the windows was broken and the spaces were covered with cobwebs. A rabbit or a squirrel occasionally scampered across the paths where the streets used to be. The little breeze that lingered in the trees, the cooing of the dove, the music of the birds, the song and the flow of running water from the spring, were the only sounds that broke the silence of the summer evening. Everything was curiously suggestive of certain well-known lines in Oliver Goldsmith's "Deserted Village:"

*Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,  
And, many a year elapsed, returned to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,*

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*Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.*

\* \* \*

*Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;  
There, as I passed with careless step and slow,  
The mingling notes came softened from below;  
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,  
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;  
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school;  
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;*

\* \* \*

*And filled each pause the nightingale had made;  
But now the sounds of population fail,  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
For all the blooming flush of life is dead.*

The home life of General Smith was ideal. His wife and their two daughters were the objects of his fondest devotion. He considered money valuable as a means, never as an end. During his lifetime of threescore and fifteen years he accumulated a large fortune as fortunes were estimated in that day. This he used for the comfort of his family, the advancement of the kingdom of God, and the pleasure of his friends. He did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame. To him a sordid deed was appalling, and a wound a crucifixion. His heart was as sensitive to

## HER FATHER

pain as the needle of the compass to a disturbing influence. He never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. In a supreme crisis he stood and did the right utterly regardless of the result. Those whose lives he touched in helpful ways were a great multitude. When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him, because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had no helper. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

When a good man dies various discoveries are made. The most interesting of these is the character and the love of some who called him friend. The following note from a gifted and grateful woman was read by the officiating minister on the occasion of General Smith's funeral:

"My Dear Mrs. Cotton and Mrs. Smith:

"Please accept these flowers and place them in the room where your father's body lies. The flowers were plucked from grounds which would not be ours but for the patronage and the kindness of General Smith."

This grateful note calls to mind a paragraph from one of Ian Maclaren's little books in which he mentions what sometimes comes to light after one dies who made friends among the lowly and who did good in quiet ways:

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“The people supposed that they could mention every person whom he trusted and who influenced him, because they could run over the names joined with his in public affairs and heard from his lips. The multitude were not aware that this man escaped as often as was possible from the glare of public life, and hid himself in some country home where the scent of roses floated in through the open windows, and manners had a gentle simplicity. Some tribute will be found among the great man's papers to an absent friend; but no one will ever know what passed between those two when they sat in some quiet garden at set of sun, for neither ever told: or read the letters they wrote one to the other, for they are destroyed.”

General Smith was the center of attraction in any social gathering. He cultivated the art of listening as well as talking. His sense of humor was developed to a high degree. He was fond of anecdote, and was good at repartee—which was often both grim and emphatic. Walking on Ohio street one morning he chanced to meet Col. Thomas T. Crittenden, of Warrensburg, a Chesterfield in politeness, a member of Congress, and, later, governor of the state. Colonel Crittenden greeted his old friend and comrade in the most cordial manner, extending his hand, and saying: “Good morning, General Smith, how is your health, and what do you know?” “One thing I know very well, Colonel Crittenden,” said General Smith, “and that is every one of you abominable Democrats

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ought to be hung!" He was a devout member of the First Christian Church in Sedalia, was punctual in attendance on the public worship, came early and sat on the front seat. These admirable traits were a wholesome example to those who came late and sat far back. One Sunday morning the members were voting on the names of several gentlemen who had been nominated for the office of deacon. Among the number was one who was not regular in attendance on divine service. The vote was by ballot. As the name of this delinquent member was called again and again, the venerable General Smith said right out in tones that all could hear: "I do not see why anybody would vote for a man who never comes to church! As for me I would as soon vote for the man in the moon!"

In the early days of Sedalia General Smith used to sell lots on easy terms to people of small means, the payments to be made in installments. On one occasion a gentleman who bought a place for a home on this plan, came to make the last payment of one hundred dollars. Before leaving his home he placed a roll of bills in his coat pocket as he supposed. When he reached General Smith and proposed to pay the balance on the lot, the money could not be found, although he solemnly assured the generous creditor that he put the money in his pocket on leaving home. General Smith relieved the embarrassing situation by telling his debtor that he was sorry for his misfortune, and that he was entirely willing to wait till the money

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could be found or secured in some other way. The gentleman thanked his benefactor and returned to his home. Some weeks later this man's wife had occasion to make some repairs on his coat, when lo! the roll of bills was found safely lodged within the lining of his coat! He took the money at once to General Smith and explained the circumstance. Taking his friend by the hand, General Smith looked into his face and said: "When you came to me some time ago and told me the story about having the money and losing it on the way I thought you were lying, but what you now say is reasonable, consistent, satisfactory, and proves you to be a sincere and an honest man. I return to you fifty dollars of this money to use as you like."

After the expression of grateful thanks to his generous friend the man went back to his family with a prouder and a happier heart than he had known for many a long day.

To the minister of the evangel of Christ General Smith was a lovable, sympathetic, and helpful friend. He had the listening ear and the understanding heart. His face, on which were written the ten commandments, was an inspiration to the sermon. He knew the value of an encouraging word, and how to speak it in a sincere and modest way. When he ventured an adverse criticism, or an admonition, it was a soft rebuke in blessings ending, and won both gratitude and affection. Fortunate was the young man who came within the radius of his influence. He warned,



## HER FATHER

admonished, foretold the danger, and the lurking enemy. He had pronounced views on the institution of slavery and the manufacture and the sale of intoxicating liquors. These views he maintained with determined resolution, even if opposed by his best friends and neighbors. The Lord be praised, he lived to see one of these evils abolished and the other greatly diminished and certain, soon or late, to be banished from every state. He was a patriot who worshiped God and revered the flag. A word against either would bring down his condemnation. The following lines had his grateful approval:

*"Flag of the free hearts, hope and home  
By angel hands to valor given,  
The stars have lit the welcome dome  
And all thy lines were born in heaven."*

Nothing in the life of General Smith became him more than the manner of his leaving it. The closing scene was tranquil like a peaceful river with green and shaded banks flowing without a murmur into the waveless sea where life is rest. It was midsummer. On the soft unbroken south wind was the odor of many flowers. In the trees the birds were making music such as pleased the ear of God. It was a place where angels, who are ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation, would love to stay their waving wings. To those who stood by the bedside and watched the coming of a pulseless sleep it did not seem like

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death. "It was but crossing with abated breath and white, set face, a little strip of sea." To this day the memory of the scene lingers in the heart like a star in the sky! The mind of General Smith did not fail with the crumbling house of clay as is so frequently the case with the aged and the infirm. The lamented Mr. Joseph B. McCullagh, the brilliant editor, used to say of his friends, Rev. Dr. McAnally and Archbishop Kenrick: "Their minds seemed to fail with their bodies, but immortality must be a divine reality." When General Smith entered the valley of shadows he feared no evil, for he felt no sin. He knew whom he believed, and was persuaded that he was able to keep that which he had committed to him. He realized that he was going to the country he had all his life wanted to see, and to which he looked forward with intense and reverent curiosity. His last moments were curiously suggestive of the experience of the saintly Payson, who said as he looked into heaven: "Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart."

*HER FATHER*

GEORGE R. SMITH

(My Father)

Stalwart and brave, like the oak on the mountain,  
A monarch he stood in storms rushing by;  
Humanity's friend—an o'erflowing fountain—  
He gave of his bounty to all who were nigh.

Rock in a land that was pining for shadow,  
Where weary ones halting, found rest in its shade;  
Unmindful of race or of color or station,  
No call came in vain that humanity made.

A patriot true, his heart knew no section—  
His country his glory,—her pride was his own;  
Her children alike should share the protection  
Guaranteed by the flag that gave them a home.

Sustainer of Truth, of Right the defender;  
No matter how strong their opposers were found  
No parley he made, nor thought of surrender—  
No compromise—for the bauble of place or renown.

For innocent childhood his heart was o'erflowing  
With sweetness and love as pure as their own;  
And tenderly guarding the pure rights of woman,  
The place he assigned her in the world was a throne.

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But the feet that so long had been treading the highlands  
At last in the valley of shadow were stayed,  
And angels seemed wreathing invisible garlands  
Of the bright deeds and virtues his life had portrayed.

With love and with prayer we tried to constrain him,  
But hearkening to voices over the sea,  
Our cries were unheeded, we could not detain him;  
The strong man grew silent, the spirit was free.

Not idly nor sadly did he enter the valley;  
With harness all on for the duties of earth,  
God lovingly led him into the shadow,  
And gave him the glory of immortal birth.

His life work is over. Lay him down without weeping.  
The dear hands are empty. Fold them now on his breast.  
The heights were all mounted, but the spirit's pure keeping  
Never waned for one moment. Lay him down to his rest.

Sedalia, Mo., August, 1879.

II

HER MOTHER

*The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow;  
She had each folded flower in sight.*

—Mrs. Hemans.

*Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never  
wholly forgotten—a little spring that never quite dries  
up in our journey through scorching years.*

—Ruffini.

*Sweet is the image of the brooding dove!  
Holy as heaven a mother's tender love!  
The love of many prayers, and many tears  
Which changes not with dim, declining years—  
The only love, which on this teeming earth,  
Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.*

—Mrs. Norton.

*“The mother, in her office, holds the key  
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin  
Of character, and makes the being who would be a  
savage,  
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.  
Then crown her queen o' the world.”*





MRS. GEORGE R. SMITH



## Chapter II

### HER MOTHER

*A perfect woman, nobly formed  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet in spirit still and bright,  
With something of an angel light.*  
—Wordsworth.

It is a trite, but a true saying, that a man can build a house, only a woman can make a home. While Mrs. Smith inherited much from her father, she owed more to her mother for her beautiful character, disposition, education and culture. The mother was a constant example to the daughter of what a woman ought to be. She was complete in feature and in mind with all good graces to grace a home—a realm in which she reigned like a queen. Hers was a rare and radiant spirit, and a “heart as clean as morning roses newly washed with dew.” To say or do a harsh thing gave her nights of solitude and sorrow. If it is only noble to be good, then in her veins flowed royal blood. A nobler woman never broke bread at the table of a court. Her charity and her sympathy were suggestive of the Master, who was moved with

## MEMOIRS

compassion when he saw the multitudes scattered abroad like sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky. Like the Father in heaven, who makes the sun to rise upon the evil and the good and sends the rain on the just and the unjust, her benevolence was to all alike, regardless of race or color, creed or no creed. This service was performed in patient, uncomplaining contentment with her circumstances, often in the homes of the poor, the humble and the outcast. Her only desire was to follow in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good. The fragrance of her memory has survived the buried years, and is still sweet in many a heart and in many a home, even as the odor of a flower remains long after the vase has been broken. The mosque of Saint Sophia in Constantinople is always sweet with the perfume of musk. It has been so ever since it was built a thousand years ago. This is curious because nothing is done to keep it perfumed. The explanation is found in the fact that when it was built the brick and the stone were laid in mortar mixed with a solution of musk.

It must be somewhere written in the purposes of God, who works all things after the counsel of his own will, that the virtues of the mother shall be visited on the children in every generation till the end of time. The ways of Providence both to the evil and the good are not easily understood. It is the testimony of England's greatest bard that "some rise by sin and some by virtue fall; some run through

## HER MOTHER

brakes of vice and answer none, and some condemned for a fault alone." When the records of time are written and the books are opened beyond the river that men call death, much that was dark on earth will be bright and beautiful in heaven. It will be seen that all that was best in men may be traced to a woman's love and a woman's hands. Robert Pollok, speaking of his wonderful epic, "The Course of Time," said: "It has my mother's divinity in it." Mr. David Hume, the historian, bears this beautiful testimony to the nobility of his mother: "When I think of my mother I believe in immortality. There was that in her character which I can not reconcile with final dissolution." Benjamin West, the greatest American artist, whose masterpiece is Christ healing the sick, made the suggestive remark: "A kiss from my mother made me a painter." This refers to his first effort when as a child he sketched a life-like picture of his baby sister. The good Bishop Phillips Brooks, while on a visit to England, was invited to preach before Queen Victoria. On his return to Boston he was asked if he did not speak with some degree of embarrassment in the presence of her majesty. He made the admirable reply: "Why should I have been embarrassed? I had already preached before my mother!" Long years after Mrs. Smith had gained the peace of death and the victory of everlasting life, her grateful husband paid her the following graceful tribute: "She is as present with me now as when she was living. Had it not been for her, I should not

## MEMOIRS

have been worth anything either morally or financially. She had more wisdom than any other woman I ever knew." Mrs. Sarah E. Cotton, the younger daughter, bears the following testimony to the character of her mother: "I remember her in my childhood days as one I could not easily get around; a woman keen and vigilant in the management of her household; a mother tender and loving, kind and sagacious; a wife faithful and true; strict in discipline and holding wisely the reins of power.

"As a neighbor she was kind and obliging, but she never fell into the familiarity that breeds contempt. Refusing to borrow under almost any circumstances, she held the esteem and love of her next door neighbor; scorning gossip, she kept largely at home, feeling that her hands were full in training her children and servants.

"Her daughters, she had determined, should not be victims to the evils of slavery as she felt that she had been. To this end she bent her efforts daily. Not wishing us to be idle, she found something for us to do in learning to knit, to sew, to wind yarn—cotton especially, for in those days the negroes wove much of the cloth they wore—and a thousand other domestic duties—many times inventing them just to keep us busy. Once when she was making us work and wait on ourselves, while a slave stood idly looking on, a sister-in-law remonstrated with her, saying: 'Sister Melita, you will ruin that negro!' My mother pleasantly replied: 'Well, I would rather ruin the negro

## HER MOTHER

than ruin my children.' I remember one experience in winding yarn that tried my impatient soul severely. I had permitted it to tangle, and I think my mother kept me at that 'hank' almost a week. I have forgotten just how long it was, but I know that no snarl of yarn or silk appalls me now, for I feel equal to the task. Whether this discipline was wise or not, I dare not say in the multitude of latter-day opinions; but am sure it taught me patience.

"I was a wayward child, and thought that our mother was giving us more work than was necessary. I once tried to argue with her, and asked for a reason. She said she wished 'us to love work.' I replied most earnestly: 'Well, if that is what you want, mother, you can never, never, never make me love it!' She, of course, smiled and pursued the even tenor of her way, nothing daunted in her courage. Time has proved that my mother knew best, and I thank her today for what then chafed my idle spirit and curbed my youthful folly.

"When we rebelled we were sure of a time of retribution. She never would strike us hastily with her hand, but would make the punishment so delicate and circumstantial that the final demonstration, though a trifle, was to our child hearts very, very bad. She would send for a switch by one of the servants, and thus give us a time of anticipation and horror. The capital offense was going outside our large dooryard to play. Our mother kept us in strict surveillance

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and held us within its limits, except by special permission when we had good company.

"I remember her as somewhat fond of dress, though compared to my Aunt Elvira, for whom I was named, and who dressed beautifully, she was very plain in costume. But in my love of colors, I remember her in pink and white, and blue and white gingham; in olive green in winter, and in white in summer. She did not like black, and would never wear it, even as mourning for the nearest and dearest of her family. She thought gladness and brightness the important things and her cheerfulness was a great feature in her life. She would keep us busy in some way during the day, and when twilight came she would romp and play with us. These seasons of recreation were such bright spots in the daily life that their memory to this hour gives special charm to the evening."

Happy are the children who carry in their hearts the memory of a devoted mother. Nothing can ever beguile them from the spell of her love, her teaching and her influence.

*"There is not a heart that is not haunted so,  
Though far we may stray from the scenes of the  
past,  
Its memories will follow wherever we go,  
And the days that were first, sway the days that  
are last."*

### III

## THE EARLY YEARS

*"Who lives to nature rarely can be poor;  
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich."*

*"Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;  
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few."*

*Who can paint  
Like nature? Can imagination boast,  
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?  
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,  
And lose them in each other, as appears  
In every bud that blows?*

—Thomson.

*Nothing is lost on him who sees  
With an eye that genius gave;  
For him there's a story in every breeze,  
And a picture in every wave.*

—Moore.

*Go abroad  
Upon the paths of nature, and when all  
Its voices whisper, and its silent things  
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,  
Kneel at its simple altar, and the God  
Who hath the living waters, shall be there.*

—Willis.







MRS. SARAH E. COTTON

## Chapter III

# THE EARLY YEARS

*Life is a leaf of paper white—  
Whereon each of us may write  
His word or two—and then comes night.*  
—Lowell.

*It is enough  
To see one ray of light for us to judge  
The glory of the sun; it is enough  
To catch one glimpse of heaven's blue  
For us to know the beauty of the sky.  
It is enough to tell a little part  
Of her most holy life, that you may know  
The hidden grace and splendor of the whole.*  
—Abram J. Ryan.

The lamented Dr. Joseph Cook used to say: "I was not born in Boston, therefore I must be born again." This was meant for humor, but it suggests a general truth. Both the time and the place of one's birth have much to do in shaping his character and destiny. Napoleon Bonaparte, speaking of his past life, said, "Not even my son can replace me." The conditions that fashioned the destiny of the great soi-

## MEMOIRS

dier had changed at the end of his dramatic career. A few might take his place, but none could fill it.

Mrs. Martha Elizabeth Smith was born in the far-famed blue grass region of Kentucky, on Sunday, January tenth, eighteen hundred and thirty. The place of her nativity was Franklin county, in which is located the capital of the state. It is an interesting coincidence that the gallant Theodore O'Hara, lyric poet, editor, and soldier of two wars, was also a native of this county. His remains are buried in the State Cemetery at Frankfort. His immortal lyric, "The Bivouac of the Dead," has made his name a household word in every patriotic home. The following quatrain from his poem is cast in bronze and placed in all our national cemeteries:

*"On fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead."*

Kentucky has the great distinction of being the first territory to come into the sisterhood of states after the adoption of the Constitution by the thirteen colonies. It was settled by emigrants from Virginia, who came west to find better opportunities. These people were from the best families of the Old Dominion. Mrs. Smith's grandparents on both sides belonged to this Virginia stock. The people on the At-

## THE EARLY YEARS

lantic seaboard, like Abraham, when he left Haran, went west on parallels of latitude. This is the secret of the fact that the traditions and the customs of the people on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line continue about as they were from the beginning. This emigration began at the close of the Revolutionary War, and extended westward across the great plains and the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. The people of the United States, like the ancient Greeks, thirst for the horizon. Charles Dickens came to this country in eighteen hundred and forty-two. He extended his visit as far into the interior as Saint Louis. He was a student of human nature. Nothing that was of interest to a thoughtful mind escaped his notice. He could see, and fitly describe, more interesting objects in a single town than most men could on a continent. In his *American Notes* he says: "The typical American would hesitate to enter heaven until assured that he could go a little farther west."

From this sturdy stock who peopled the West, came a multitude of able and distinguished men. Kentucky was the home of Henry Clay and the birthplace both of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. John Sherman belonged to a family that came from Connecticut to Ohio. Allen G. Thurman, his associate in the United States Senate, emigrated with his father's family from Virginia. Some one who made painstaking investigation, said: "All the great generals in the Union army during the Civil War were mainly from the West, and none from New England." The con-

## MEMOIRS

ditions in the West were such as to develop men and women of rugged character and striking personality. This movement of the population westward is a study for the philosopher as well as the historian.

*"It is the tread of pioncers,  
Of nations yet to be;  
The first low wash of waves,  
Where soon shall roll a human sea.  
The rudiments of empire here  
Are plastic yet and warm;  
The chaos of a mighty world  
Is rounding into form."*

Mrs. Smith, though born in Kentucky, was destined to be reared, to live a long life, and finally to be buried under other skies. When an infant, not four years old, her father and mother with their two daughters emigrated to Missouri, a rising young commonwealth that had come into the Union thirteen years before. They located in Pettis county, the central part of the state. General Smith bought a large body of land which in the end made him a wealthy man. It seems fabulous that the fertile soil of central Missouri once sold for twelve and a half cents an acre. Saline county has as rich ground as can be found in the world. It is today more valuable than the fabled wealth Croesus gained from his victories, his mines, and the golden sands of Pactolus. In the days of the stagecoach and the ox-wagon, it was a long and tedious journey from Georgetown, Kentucky, to Pettis county, Missouri.

## THE EARLY YEARS

Mrs. Smith, in her own beautiful way, tells the story of the removal to the West:

“In the month of October, eighteen hundred and thirty-three, our grandfather, General David Thomson, and grandmother left their home in Scott county, Kentucky, with eight of their children, to make a new home in Missouri. Our mother and grandmother, our two young girl aunts, my sister and myself, all traveled in one large carriage with a negro man, Jackson, driving and grandfather on horseback to find the roads and judge of crossings over muddy places. The carriage was a great yellow coach, closed all around from air and light except for windows in the door. It sat high upon the springs, and had folding steps by which to ascend into its broad deep-cushioned seats. On the outside was a driver’s seat high up above the horses, and behind was another large seat that hung by broad belts of leather, for an outrider, whose duty it was to open gates and attend the family. The whole was drawn by a pair of horses caparisoned with the ponderous trappings of the times. A saddle-horse accompanied the party which was used alternately by the ladies to relieve the monotony and the tedium of the journey. In another party went the caravan of ox-wagons containing the furniture, looms, spinning wheels—big and little—and tableware, together with the negroes. The whole company of emigrants consisted of eighty-eight persons, of whom seventy-five were slaves.

“Before the final good-byes were spoken there were

— *Thirty-nine* —

## MEMOIRS

many things to do. Among the most important of these was the arranging to take or to leave entire slave families together, so that there might be no involuntary separation. The slaves had inter-married with the neighbor's negroes, and our grandfather, being humane in his feelings, was unwilling to separate them. To overcome this difficulty, he had to buy where he could and sell where he must. This was no little task among a number of thirty or forty people, but finally it was accomplished as far as possible and the caravan set out. The negroes—men and women, the babies and the gray-haired grandparents—were to follow their master. There were five or six very old ones—Aunt Creasy, Aunt Kizzy, Uncle Toby, Aunt Rachel, and Uncle Jack—who, as I remember them, were oracles of wisdom, holding direct communication with spirits, wizards and witches; and who would on occasion deal out some of their mysterious spells to us listening, wondering children, in the long, quiet evenings that followed our settlement in the new country. Dear old Kentucky memories were to them hallowed things of the beautiful, irrevocable past; and their faltering, trembling voices, their heavy lips, and wrinkled faces only made their pathetic stories the more sacred and the more tender to our too credulous ears.

“Our father was to follow, after the settlement of some business at Georgetown. Of the incidents of the trip we must remain ignorant almost entirely, as the writer—one of the babies in the carriage—can

—Forty—



## THE EARLY YEARS

only remember a place called Purgatory, in Illinois, where the road led through a swamp; and the memory goes that it really was a purgatory, as the image of the floundering horses is vividly before her. Another scene that was impressed indelibly is the crossing of the river in the ferryboat at Saint Louis, and how frightened our mother and grandmother were. The rest of the journey is lost in the baby memories of the mind that is trying to record these incidents.

"Our Uncle Milton, who had charge of the negroes, was moving on slowly, but was not long after us in reaching the place of our destination. Our party, after tarrying with relatives for several weeks in Calloway county, arrived in Pettis on the evening of the twelfth of November, eighteen hundred and thirty-three, and went into camp—so our grandfather's journal says—in the Lamine river bottom, at what is now known as Scott's Ford. From about ten o'clock in the evening until daybreak, they witnessed the celebrated display of meteors in the heavens. Dear old Peggy, who was cook for our grandfather in his later life, and died in eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, at the age of seventy-seven, told vividly how frightened the negroes were at the falling of the stars. 'We were in camp by the Lamine river,' she said, 'and we all thought the judgment had come. We could hear the stars falling like hail on the tops of the tents. The old folks all prayed, and we children "hollered." The elements were ablaze. It done lasted for hours, and we all never expected to see daylight no more!'"



IV

IN HER NEW HOME

*Only the home can found the state.*

—Joseph Cook.

*A cottage, if God be there, will hold as much of happiness as might stock a palace.*

—Hamilton.

*One's early home is no more than the memory of early years. The image is never marred. There is no disappointment in memory, and one's exaggerations are always on the good side.*

—George Eliot.

*"Home can never be transferred—never repeated in the experience of the individual. The place consecrated by paternal love, by the innocence and sports of childhood, and by the first acquaintance of the heart with nature, is the only true home."*

*In all my wand'rings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:  
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,*

*Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;  
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return—and die at home at last.*

—Goldsmith.

## Chapter IV

# IN HER NEW HOME

*The first sure symptoms of a mind in health  
Is rest of heart, and pleasures felt at home.*  
—Young.

*Home is the resort  
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where  
Supporting and supported, polished friends  
And dear relations mingle into bliss.*  
—Thomson.

*Cling to thy home! if there the meanest shed  
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,  
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,  
Be all that heaven allots thee for thy board—  
Unsavory bread, and herbs that scattered grow,  
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide  
More heart's repose than all the world beside.*  
—Leonidas.

There is no braver story in history than the story of the pioneers. It is replete with all that is heroic in faith, courage, labor and sacrifice. The priva-

## MEMOIRS

tions of the early settlers, however, had compensations that seldom come to those who live in the leisure and the luxury of the older communities. The perils of even the highest civilization are greater than those that beset life in new and sparsely settled countries. Those who live in solitary places "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." It is the testimony of Street that Nature is man's best teacher. She unfolds her treasures to his search, unseals his eye, illumines his mind, and purifies his heart; and influence breathes from all the sights and sounds of her existence; she is wisdom's self.

Some of the most admirable women who have ever lived were born and reared on the frontier. They shed the sweet light and grace of a holy example where few besides God and the angels could see and understand. In patient toil and personal sacrifices the foundations were laid for homes, schools, churches, towns and cities, which have become the splendid heritage of a younger generation. Thus one sows and another reaps, and gathers fruit to life eternal, that both he that sows and he that reaps may rejoice together. There will be no dearer, sweeter remembrances in heaven than those of the early settlers, who sowed precious seeds in solitary places, caused the wilderness to be glad, and made the desert to blossom as the rose. Man's first commission, given in the Garden of Eden, was to be fruitful, to multiply, to replenish the earth, and to subdue it. Later the prom-

## IN HER NEW HOME

ise was given that while the earth remains, seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease. At this remote day God does not leave himself without witness. He still sends the rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food gladness. The seasons come and go, and go and come, to teach man gratitude.

Mrs. Smith tells in the following paragraphs some incidents and experiences in founding the home in the West:

“Among our grandfather’s colored men were a carpenter, a stonemason, and a millwright, besides the farmhands; and among the women a weaver, a spinner, cooks, and housemaids, so that the elements of a rude civilization were in the family. On a tract of timber land which our grandfather had bought on Muddy creek, several cabins were ready; and into these we moved with our grandfather. A little later our mother’s oldest sister, her husband, Mr. Redd Major, and their little family of three girls and one boy, located not far away. These were pleasant days to me, and in the golden retrospect there is no want of any luxury or happiness in the dear humble homes, lighted as they were by my mother’s and grandmother’s gentle faces, and Aunt Elvira’s good cheer, that made all the children happy. There were, also, dear Aunt Marion and Aunt Melcena, and Cousin Ann, and Cousin Evelyn, the oldest of Aunt Elvira’s daughters. I looked with the envy of a child at their rapidly advancing womanhood, and a kind of reverence

## MEMOIRS

came over me, as I thought that mine with its privileges would never come. The other children of Aunt Elvira were 'Bine' or Vienna—somewhat older than myself—'Johnny,' the youngest of all except my baby sister.

"The cabins which were occupied during the first winter were rude and crowded. The next year our grandfather built some better and more commodious ones on the southwest quarter of section seven, which lies about three miles northwest of Georgetown. These were arranged in a row, two and two together, connected by an open passageway roofed over. His own family occupied two of them until he could build a better house; this, when built in eighteen hundred and forty, was christened Elm Spring, and became our grandfather's permanent home. The boys, Morton and Monroe, were sent back to Georgetown, Kentucky, to complete their education. Later Milton taught school in a log house built for the purpose about half way between our Uncle Major's and our grandfather's, where the children of both families first started to school in the new country. Here he had as pupils the neighbor's children, as well as his own little sisters, Marion and Melcena, and the nieces and nephews.

"When our grandfather removed from the cabins on the Muddy he sold them and the land about them to our father. We had been living there about a year, when one day a great misfortune befell us. Our mother and father, with sister, had gone to visit our



## IN HER NEW HOME

Uncle Mentor, who had just brought his bride to a log-cabin home in our locality. While they were away our dear little house took fire and burned to the ground, destroying all that we had. It was a serious loss. It was our little all, brought at great expenditure from our old home in Kentucky, and each piece had its precious associations. All the relics and heirlooms from our grandfather Smith were destroyed. We were left destitute, indeed. Nothing was saved, not even an article of clothing. I happened to be at my grandfather's about a mile away for a few days and had a change of clothing. Except for this, we were deprived of everything and had to begin anew. My only memory of the sad event is of seeing my mother weep when she and my father, after turning away from their home, came to my grandfather's for refuge. The tableau of the negroes and white people is vividly impressed on my memory, all looking toward the red smoke that was still going up in the west. A kind neighbor, Mrs. Reece, who lived about a half mile from us, gave to my little sister a white cotton dress, homegrown, homespun and homewoven. My mother's eyes would fill with tears to the last day of her life, when she would speak of this neighborly act.

"The calamity which overtook us was the more serious because there were no stores within our reach from which to replenish our household goods, but from our good grandmother's supply, our lost bedding was partially restored, and our father's deft fin-

## MEMOIRS

gers and willing heart soon supplied a more homely, perhaps, but more precious, set of furniture from the black walnut trees that skirted the stream nearby. Two walnut chests, I recall, to the depths of which I often had to go, standing on tiptoe—the one for clean bedding, and the other for the laundried cotton underwear, which always had to go through a second airing on chairs in front of the fire before being used. Well do I remember, also, the bedstead with short upright posts that served for father and mother; and the lower one, the little trundle-bed, with its rollers, both of which might be called awkward in the present stage of civilization, but which served well their purpose in that day. That same little bed gave many a sacred repose to our child forms, and many an uneasy resting—or unresting—place when we were shaken by the ague, from which none of us escaped. The trundle-bed was, also, a shrine where the little sisters knelt at night and said the prayers which they had first learned at their mother's knee."

*The fire upon the hearth is low,  
And there is stillness everywhere,  
And, like wing'd spirits, here and there  
The firelight shadows come and go.  
And as the shadows round me creep,  
A childish treble breaks the gloom,  
And softly from a further room  
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."*

## IN HER NEW HOME

*And, somehow, with that pray'r  
And that sweet treble in my ears,  
My thought goes back to distant years,  
And lingers with a dear one;  
And as I hear my child's "Amen,"  
My mother's faith comes back to me—  
Crouched at her side I seem to be,  
And mother holds my hand again.*

*Oh, for an hour in that dear place—  
Oh, for the peace of that dear time—  
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!  
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,  
I do not seem to be alone—  
Sweet magic of that treble tone,  
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."  
—Eugene Field.*



V

LIFE IN GEORGETOWN

*The place is dignified by the doer's deed.*

—Shakespeare.

*He who thinks his place below him, will certainly  
be below his place.*

—Saville.

*A true man never frets about his place in the world,  
but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature,  
and swings there as easily as a star.*

—Chapin.

*Whatever the place allotted to us by Providence,  
that, for us, is the post of honor and duty. God esti-  
mates us not by the position we are in, but by the way  
in which we fill it.*

—Edwards.





HOME AT GEORGETOWN



## Chapter V

# LIFE IN GEORGETOWN\*

*Where you are is of no moment, but only what you are doing there. It is not the place that ennobles you, but you the place; and this only by doing that which is great and noble.*

—Petrarch.

Mrs. Smith could say of Georgetown, her second home in the West, as Henry Grattan said of the cause of Irish liberty: "I stood by its cradle, and I walked with its hearse."

The village was laid out when she was a child five years old. Gen. David Thomson, her grandfather, was allowed to name the place. He called it Georgetown, in sacred memory of the town in Kentucky from which he came. The location was near the center of the county, and beautiful for situation. The ground was high, rolling, and covered with a natural growth of trees. Two crystal springs furnished an abundant supply of water at all seasons. By an act of the legislature the town was made the county seat, and a beautiful brick courthouse was built. Thirty years later

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\*Mr. Geo. W. Barnett, a well-known attorney of Sedalia, gave valuable assistance in the preparation of this Chapter.

## MEMOIRS

the seat of justice was changed to the rising young city of Sedalia. The population, soon or late, followed the court, and "dear old Georgetown" became a deserted village.

The home of General Smith, built in Georgetown after the one destroyed by fire in the country, was the second home built in the town. It was not long, however, till the village began to grow by leaps and bounds in population, religious, social and commercial importance. Two brothers, Watson and Clifford Wood, came with their families, made beautiful homes and opened a well equipped dry goods store. They were admirable people who belonged to the aristocracy of character and whose influence was felt for good both in the religious and the social life of the community.

There was no physician nearer than Arrow Rock or Boonville. It was a score of miles to one of these places, and two score miles to the other. In such a situation the average person could scarcely afford to be sick. Man's extremity, however, is God's opportunity. It is also often the doctor's opportunity as well. The first resident physician in Georgetown was Dr. Wilkins Watson, of Virginia, a singularly gifted and skillful man. Together with his wife and two little girls they were a winsome family. Their home at once became a social center of refinement and culture. This good physician, a general practitioner, was a duplicate of Ian Maclaren's "Doctor of the Old

## LIFE IN GEORGETOWN

School," the hero of his graceful little book, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

"Among the various callings there is one which seems to confer a singular elevation and winsomeness of character. Its members have a firmer hold on the love of the people than any other body of men. They have won their just and enviable esteem by a habit of unparalleled self-sacrifice. No one serves his fellows at greater cost to himself, or with a more absolute disregard of himself than a physician. If anyone, indeed, has fulfilled the sermon on the mount, and exhibited the spirit of Christ in action, it is this man. Yet how few have been his religious privileges, who is largely cut off from the word and the sacrament, who labors while others worship, and is apt to be beset by various trials of faith. It is evident that he must enjoy some powerful compensation and that some influence atones to him for what sanctifies others and he has lost. It is certain that this fine influence must be the constant contact with suffering from day to day, till under the necessary composure of his manner, and a natural repudiation of sentiment his heart has been shaped to pity and his will to service. They who serve unceasingly before the altar of suffering receive their reward."

It is a trite but true saying that "it never rains, but it pours." The location of Dr. Watson in Georgetown was soon followed by the arrival of Dr. Morse, Dr. Snoddy, Dr. Spedden, Dr. Farris, Dr. Bidstrap, and Dr. Westerfield, all good men, efficient in their

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ancient and honorable profession. The law was represented by able men, some of whom later won distinction in national affairs. James L. English, the Hughes brothers, George Heard, father of Jno. T. Heard, many years a member of Congress, and Judge Russell Hicks, were among the first lawyers. Around the middle of the last century two strangely gifted and brilliant young men, graduates of Center College, Danville, Kentucky, located in Georgetown, and began the practice of law. One was Geo. G. Vest and the other was John F. Phillips. At the beginning of the Civil War Mr. Vest cast his fortunes with the South, and represented his state in the Confederate Congress at Richmond. Mr. Phillips, on the other hand, drew his sword in defense of the Union, and rose to the rank of colonel. After peace was made, Mr. Vest, for four and twenty years, was in the United States Senate, and used to be fond of speaking of himself as a senator of two republics. Col. John F. Phillips was once elected to Congress. Later President Cleveland appointed him United States district judge. His capacities and attainments would grace the supreme bench. Major William Gentry was for many years a member of the County Court, and later was made Judge emeritus.

The first ministers of the gospel at Georgetown were Rev. Mr. Wolf and Rev. Allen Wright. Judge Ramey, Judge Warren, and Mr. Ellis, the village blacksmith, were to the manor born and kings of the realm. The names of some other families, who lived in the town

## LIFE IN GEORGETOWN

in her palmy days, were Hopkins, Ford, Moore, Williams, Montgomery, Henderson, Lightfoot, Benson, Agee, Courtney, De Jarnette, Brown, Hogue, Bard, Sneed, Barry, Ryland, Barnes, McClure, Robinson, Fristoe, Clopton, Blakemore, Jenkins, McVey, Ramey, Edmondson, and Jenny. Good Captain Kidd, whom everybody loved, kept the only hotel in the place. He had an estimable wife and eight charming daughters who possessed all good graces both to keep a restful home for weary travelers and to make merry for the young people of the whole community. On public days and long winter evenings this "tavern" was the scene of many gay and happy gatherings.

*"Thither went they gayly! gayly!*

*Where their coming was a joy,*

*Just to pass away together*

*One long day without alloy.*

*Not a brow with cloud upon it—*

*Not an eye that seemed to know*

*What a tear is; not a bosom*

*That had ever nursed a woe.*

*"How swiftly! swiftly! swiftly!*

*Like the ripples of a stream,*

*Did the bright hours chase each other*

*Till it all seemed like a dream:*

*Till it seemed as if no Never*

*Ever in this world had been,*

*To o'ercloud the bright Forever,*

*Shining o'er the happy scene."*

## MEMOIRS

The following paragraphs from the graceful pen of Mrs. Sarah E. Cotton will be a fitting close to this chapter:

"My heart is moved to pay this tribute of love to the memory of a sister who said many kind words of me, and also of others who were dear friends of ours. We were the closest companions both in girlhood days and in the later years. Our life in dear old Georgetown was halcyon and happy. Nothing ever occurred—either of joy or sorrow—to dim its pleasant memory. Life for us ran quietly as the brook by which we sported.

*" 'A charm from the sky  
Seemed to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world,  
Is not found elsewhere.*

*" 'Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care;  
Time the impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.'*

"In a genial atmosphere of faith, hope and love, my sister grew into a perfect flower of womanhood. Her life in the early years was full of dreams and fancies, characteristic of the girl 'standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet.'

"Fond of the romance of travel she made a journey to Niagara Falls, the natural wonder of the new world. The visit was extended to the Saint Lawrence,

## LIFE IN GEORGETOWN

and the great cities of Canada. Later she spent much time in New York, and devoted a year to travel in Europe. This passing from one country to another and the constant change of scenery both broadened her education and mitigated the memory of a sorrow that was too deep for sympathy and too sad for tears. I draw the veil over this ordeal and turn my thoughts to happier things.

"She wrote beautifully both in prose and poetry. Some of her poems are gems and possess real literary merit. However, it is not on this account that I prize them, but because they are particularly poems of the heart. The secret of their beauty is the purity of their thought. Even a stranger will discover in her lines a wealth of sympathy and love as fragrant and refreshing as the breath of spring. Some one has said: 'My mind is my kingdom.' Sister had mental endowments that would have been an apology for her using this utterance, but she could more truly say: 'My heart my kingdom is.' To be able to win and to hold the affections is the supreme test of character. On leaving London Lord Byron said:

*"I go, but wheresoe'er I flee,  
There's not one eye will weep for me,  
There's not a kind congenial heart  
Where I can claim the meanest part."*

"More precious to my sister than lands and houses was the place she held in the love of those whose

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lives she touched in helpful ways. Without ostentation or display, modest and retiring, she was a woman who wore the white flower of a blameless life. Lonely without her I am still comforted with the reflection of what she did, the certainty of her reward, and the hope of seeing her face to face in our Father's house.

*“It is sweet to think hereafter  
When the spirit leaves this sphere,  
Love on deathless wings shall waft her  
To those she long hath mourned for here.  
Life from which 'twere death to sever,  
Eyes this world can ne'er restore,  
There as warm, as bright as ever,  
Shall meet us and be lost no more.  
Oh! if no other boon were given  
To keep this heart from wrong and stain,  
Who would not try to win a heaven  
Where all we love shall meet again?”*



## VI

### RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES

*Love never fails, though knowledge cease,  
Though prophecies decay,  
Love, Christian love—shall still increase  
Shall still extend her sway.*

*True religion  
Is always mild, propitious, and humble,  
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood;  
Nor bears destruction on her chariot-wheels;  
But stoops to polish, succour, and redress,  
And builds her grandeur on the public good.*  
—Miller.

*Religion is equally the basis of private virtue and  
public faith; of the happiness of the individual and  
the prosperity of the nation.*

—Barrow.

*True religion is the foundation of society, the basis  
on which all civil government rests, and from which  
power derives its authority, laws their efficacy, and  
both their sanction.*

—Burke.

*Religion is as necessary to reason as reason is to religion. The one can not exist without the other. A reasoning being would lose his reason in attempting to account for the great phenomena of nature, had he not a Supreme Being to whom to refer. Well has it been said, "If there had been no God, mankind would have been obliged to imagine one."*

—Washington.





MISS CHAPPELIER, MRS. SMITH  
MISS VIE JONES, MRS. S. E. COTTON

## Chapter VI

# RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES

*True religion will make a man a more thorough gentleman than all the courts in Europe. You may see simple laboring men as true gentlemen as any duke, because they have learned to fear God; and fearing him, to restrain themselves, which is the root and essence of all good breeding.*

—Charles Kingsley.

*Religion is the fear and the love of God; its demonstration is good works. Faith is the root of both, for without faith we cannot please God, nor can we fear and love what we do not believe.*

—Penn.

The early settlers of Georgetown were pious people who revered God, divine institutions, and all sacred things. They believed that the things of the kingdom are of first importance. These Christians belonged to the various religious bodies represented by those who had come from the east where churches had been long established, and trained both in the principles and the practices taught in the New Testament. The homes, the log school houses, and even the groves became temples for the worship of God and the teaching of

## MEMOIRS

the divine word. After the courthouse was built it afforded a place where devout people of every name and of every creed could meet for divine service. Thus the house of justice became also the house of prayer. Mrs. Smith describes in graphic terms both the structure and the grounds:

"The building was erected handsomely and substantially, and the square was inclosed with a fence and shaded with locust trees selected and planted by our grandfather. In my eyes there never was a prettier house. It was square, with a large door in the center of each of the three sides, and a large window on each side of the doors. The north side had the two windows, but no door, the space between being occupied by the judge's bench. This was a platform about four feet high with chairs on it, and terminated at the two windows with four or five steps. A balustrade followed the whole length of steps and platform. A stairway led to the second story. As my young feet proudly ascended its lofty heights, I looked on the assembled multitude with awe and admiration that have not come to me since, even in the palaces of Europe. The roof was beautiful, not simply a board-covered comb, like our common cabin homes, but square and shingled and terminated at its top with a lovely octagonal observatory, with green shutters hung to white posts; and this also had a beautiful shingled roof. The cupola in turn was surmounted by a tapering spire that held a gilded globe with an arrow above on which was pivoted a fish of gold that turned with the wind.

## RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES

How could anything be prettier? That lovely red brick wall, with its painted windows and doors, that splendid roof, and that beautiful cupola, up two stories high! And the ladies could go in, too; for within its walls they had big meetings, great revivals of religion, schools, and sometimes temperance speeches and lyceums. You can have no idea how the sun shone on the courthouse, and how lovely the moonlight fell and played its soft caressing touches about the great locust trees. No, you can never know! Dear old Georgetown!"

One of the early ministers who held revival services in the court-house was the Rev. Allen Wright, a strangely gifted and pious man, who was identified with the religious body known as Disciples of Christ. Mrs. Smith and her mother were converted under his preaching and together came into the fellowship of the church in Georgetown. The following tribute to Mr. Wright was written by the lamented Moses E. Lard, his life-long friend:

"Allen Wright's power lay not so much in his mind as in his religious and moral traits. He was eminently social. Few men mingled with the masses so successfully as he. His sound heart was free from all malice and imbued with the largest love. He delighted in the free off-hand life of the crowd, especially the religious crowd. He was moulded by it rather than moulded it. He caught at once its easy, innocent spirit, and delighted more than most men in its flow of racy, kindly feeling. He laughed heartily, abounded

## MEMOIRS

in rustic anecdotes, listened to what even a child would say, and replied frankly; did not flatter any one, but approved almost everything that seemed not positively wrong. In his salutations he was cordial, usually rather grave and sentimental, never light nor trashy. In a crowd he did not seem grand but good; he struck no one remarkably, but left all loving him for his artlessness and purity. The common people saw in him what no one else saw in him but the common people, all for the reason that he never neglected them nor slighted them. He got close to them and they came close to him. In the humble, honest crowd, Allen Wright was always king. His adaptation to them and to their ways was perfect; and they repaid him with an affection as pure as it was universal. To see him in a frontier cabin, hat off, coat off, boots off, sitting a little heavily in the chimney corner, with the domestic cob pipe, smoking and talking to the family in his own peculiarly grave and tender style; and the secret of his wonderful power over the masses became at once explained. With that humble family in all its poverty, its toils, its hardships, its sorrows, its bereavements, he sympathized with a depth which made him the idol of their hearts and the delight of their homes. To be in one such honest abode, just after dinner, as the Christian mother stood beside her table washing her dishes, and told him the simple story of her buried dead; to witness the feeling with which he entered into that tale, and drank in those maternal sobs; to hear his comfortings, and see him gild the future with



## RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES

the hopes of its reunions in Christ; and dull must have been the eye that could not see an element of true greatness in Allen Wright. No bosom carried a sorrow too secret or too sacred for him. He was the confidant and the comforter of the stricken spirit. Wherever death had blighted hopes or crushed hearts, all leaned on him and wept as on a father. God had mellowed his noble heart by afflictions in his own family, and thus fitted him to act his part with wondrous effect in scenes like these. I never thought him so great as when comforting the sorrowing children of earth, and pointing them to the coming recompense."

Many other eminent and gifted men preached the gospel in Georgetown. It was virgin soil, genial almost to a miracle to the good seed of the kingdom. Among the lovable and able ministers of the word were Rev. George W. Longan, Rev. S. S. Church, and Dr. W. H. Hopson. These gentlemen, in their palmy days, were the equals of the most distinguished preachers in this country. George W. Longan became the ablest and most widely known essayist in the communion of the Disciples of Christ. S. S. Church was a striking figure in any company. He filled a leading pulpit in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for many years. Later he was pastor of the First Christian Church in Saint Louis. Dr. W. H. Hopson was one of the most pleasing pulpit speakers in the state. He had all the gifts of an orator. In sacred eloquence he was a master. For many years he was the pastor of a great

## MEMOIRS

church in Richmond, Virginia. Later he was the beloved minister of a still greater church in Louisville, Kentucky.

In eighteen hundred and fifty one Dr. Hopson held a series of evangelistic services in Georgetown. An interesting feature of the revival was the conversion of fourteen young ladies from some of the best families of the town. Ten of these converts made the good confession at the same time. At the next service four others followed the example of their companions, and gave their hearts to Christ in the perpetual covenant of love. When these young women appeared for baptism they were all dressed in black silk. It was a strange fancy, and made a striking scene. The arrangement, however, was made among themselves, and was equally pleasing to everyone. It was a beautiful and impressive picture when the fourteen converts, dressed in black, went into the water, their arms around one another, and all remained till all were baptized in the name of Him who led them out of darkness into light.

Any mention of the men of the first rank who held religious services in Georgetown in the early days would be incomplete without some notice, however brief and inadequate, of the Rev. Levi C. Marvin, a Universalist minister of the school of Hosea Ballou. He was born and reared in New Hampshire. He was well educated, a gentleman of polished manners, beautiful disposition, and high social position. When speaking on the love of God, His wisdom, grace, mercy,

## RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES

goodness and compassion, he was invincible and made a profound impression. Wherever he preached he made converts to his peculiar views of religion, duty and destiny, even if these converts made no public confession of their conversion. It was thought that Gen. David Thomson, Mrs. Smith's grandfather, was among this class. Mr. Marvin was also an old school abolitionist in spite of the fact that most of his friends were slave holders. This is the best evidence of his honesty and sincerity. His home was at Clinton. In eighteen hundred and sixty he was the only man in Henry county who cast his vote for Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin. It is a striking tribute both to his high standing and the character of the good people among whom he lived that he could vote as he did without being intimidated or molested in any way. This observation is made for the information of a younger generation who can have no adequate idea of how intense was the feeling on the slavery question in the days preceding the Civil War which began soon after the first election of Abraham Lincoln. Two years later public sentiment had so changed that Rev. Mr. Marvin was elected to the lower house of the state legislature. When the house was organized he was made the speaker. His brother, Major A. C. Marvin, a Douglas Democrat, was the president of the senate. When the two houses met in joint session to elect a United States senator the two brothers sat side by side on the platform as presiding officers of the assembly.

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The friends of Rev. Mr. Marvin used to be fond of telling the following circumstance:

After going through the distressing experiences of the Civil War he was asked if he had changed his mind on the subject of hell and the everlasting punishment of the impenitent. He made the suggestive, characteristic, and emphatic reply:

“If there is no hell there ought to be one—at least for some people!”

VII

HER JOURNAL

*The hours are viewless angels,  
That still go gliding by,  
And bear each minute's record up  
To Him who sits on high.*

—Crauch.

*Not wholly can the heart unlearn  
The lessons of its better hours,  
Nor yet has Time's dull footstep worn  
To common dust the path of flowers.*

—Whittier.

*Still on it creeps,  
Each little moment at another's heels,  
Till hours, days, years, and ages are made up  
Of such small parts as these, and men look back  
Worn and bewilder'd, wondering how it is.  
Thou travellest like a ship in the wide ocean,  
Which hath no bounding shore to mark its progress.*

—Baillis.

*"Spare moments are the gold dust of time:—of all  
the portions of our life, the spare moments are the  
most fruitful in good or evil. They are gaps through  
which temptations find easiest access to the garden of  
the soul."*

*Much may be done in those little shreds and patches  
of time, which every day produces, and which most  
men throw away, but which nevertheless will make at  
the end of it no small deduction from the life of man.*

—Colton.





GEORGE SMITH-MARTIN



## Chapter VII

# HER JOURNAL

*The moving finger writes; and, having writ  
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.*  
—Fitzgerald.

Early in life Mrs. Smith began to keep a journal in which she carefully noted passing events, and sometimes offered moral reflections on the incidents she recorded. This constant practice of reducing her thoughts to writing gave her great facility and beauty of expression, and disciplined her mind to sustained and systematic thinking. Her composition is always graceful and much of it classical both in conception and expression. After the lapse of three score years the handwriting is still beautiful, legible, and as plain as print. In these degenerate days of the typewriter and the postal card it is refreshing to read these ample pages written by a woman's hand and dictated by a woman's heart. The graceful writing of the olden time is a lost art. Her letters that remain, are also models of beauty, such as Thomas DeQuincy had in mind when he wrote the following paragraph:

— *Seventy-five* —

## MEMOIRS

“Would you desire at this day to read our noble language in its native beauty, picturesque for its idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate, yet sinewy in its composition—steal the mail-bags and break open all the letters in female handwriting.”

The following extracts are from her journal which was begun when she was twenty-five years old and continued till a short time before her death. For the sake of brevity all dates are omitted :

“By the grace and the mercy of my Holy Father I am permitted to record the return of another birthday, to look back on the varied lights and shadows, the hopes and the disappointments, the loves and the friendships, the childhood, youth and maidenhood of twenty-five years. Have I nearly gained the zenith of the hill of life? I am halting a short time on this eminence to view the beautiful landscape, the sweet memories of the past, and the bright hopes in the future, before with the jostling crowd I begin the descent !”

“The whole secret of happiness lies in a firm and unflinching discharge of duty, and perfect confidence and trust in the God of love, to hope for the best and to be prepared for the worst; to lift the heart above the world, to endure all things for the glory of Him who suffered on the cross that we might live.”

“I called to see Miss Mollie Snell who came up yesterday from Boonville, and found her all the Doctor represented her to be, pleasing, intelligent, and,

## HER JOURNAL

what I presume on longer acquaintance, will be a pretty face, though my first impression is not that she is pretty, but decidedly intelligent."

"How glad and thankful I am that I have such a sweet home, devoted parents, kind and gentle sister, and affectionate friends. Let me not receive all these blessings without some return; let me study to make myself worthy, to dispense joy and love to some precious hearts, that I may not live in vain."

"I have spent this Lord's day sitting with mother at her fire, and reading Dodridge's sermons on the evidences of Christianity, the Bible and the Harbinger."

"While in Jefferson City, went to church on Sunday. Heard an excellent discourse from the Rev. Dr. Boyle. When the Lord's supper was spread, his invitation to all Christians was so beautiful and so comprehensive that I knelt with the Methodists around the altar. I enjoyed it and felt that we were children gathered around the table of our common Father."

"Went to the penitentiary. Saw the convicts in their various occupations, their different apartments, and felt that human nature is poor, weak and frail, without the elevating influences of religion."

"I woke with a song of gratitude and praise in my heart to Him who gives the light of this beautiful Sunday morning from the effulgence of his own glory. Be my guide today, Oh, Lord, lead me as a little child,

## MEMOIRS

for without thy love and blessing I am miserable indeed. Help me to be pure, to have the gentle and lovely graces of a woman and a Christian. Keep me in the way of holiness, and let all that I have and all that I am be devoted to thy service for Christ's sake."

"Heard Mr. Fackler deliver a farewell sermon this morning which was both beautiful and appropriate, solemn and impressive, from the text: 'Finally, brethren, farewell.' He dwelt on the past, its joys and sorrows, and looked into the future with another people than those who so long had received from his hands the heavenly manna."

"While with friends in the old Kentucky home I do not find much time to be alone, but often the silent beatings of my heart are wafted to the ear of Him who never sleeps, for blessings on the loved ones left behind. Visited the cemetery at Lexington, saw the vault where the ashes of Henry Clay are deposited, and the mound on which his monument is to be erected. Spent some time wandering among the narrow homes of the dead."

"Went to Ashland, the home of our immortal Clay, but it seemed the glory of it, like the spirit of its great master, had fled. The old homestead has been torn away by the hands of his son to give place to a more elegant and fashionable edifice. It seems sacrilege, for it was sacred to the hearts of the people of

## HER JOURNAL

the whole union, and should have been preserved by his children for the sake of its memories. The walls of the new house are half finished, but I got a piece of wood of the step leading to his study, to make canes for father and grandfather."

"Was at Lord Alexander's, as he is called on account of his great wealth. Saw his fine imported stock, and the celebrated race horse, Lexington, for which the sum of twenty-nine thousand dollars has been refused."

"Visited the old home, in Kentucky, where we used to live, and where the ashes of my little brother are buried. I could see the solemn procession follow from the door his little form, move slowly across the yard and deposit it very near the house, as if human care and love could lessen the chill of death. I tried to imagine the grief of my parents, as the little angel was torn from them before their hearts had learned submission to the will of Him who 'chastens whom he loves.' I thought of the loneliness in their home deserted by the little prattler, their only child. I thanked God that they and we, their daughters, have not been chastened in vain, that we now look forward to a reunion beyond the grave where the sun is ever shining and separations never come. I went into the old dilapidated house that my mother and father lived in when they were first married. I stood on the floor, looked on the walls and breathed in the same rooms where my parents' early married life, and my infancy

## MEMOIRS

were passed. Upstairs I saw father's name on the wall. Just below I added the names of the other three. It was a sacred place to me. I wished to spend hours there, but had to go back."

*The scenes of my childhood so dear to my heart  
All pensive I visit, and sigh to depart;  
Their flowers seem to languish, their beauty to cease,  
For a stranger inhabits the mansion of peace.*

*But hush'd be the sigh that untimely complains,  
While friendship and all its enchantment remains,  
While it blooms like the flower of a winterless clime,  
Untainted by chance, unabated by time.*

—Campbell.

On the nineteenth day of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, she makes the following mention of her marriage:

"Thursday, the nineteenth day of last May, was ushered in with a clear sky and a glowing sun. The birds were joyous in the springtime of their existence, and I, a timid, sensitive girl, was led to the marriage altar in my father's home by Mr. James H. Martin.\* The ceremony was pronounced by the Rev. John De Jarrette.

"We had a merry little party assembled and all passed off with seeming gaiety, my mother, father,

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\*Later her name was changed to Smith by Act of Legislature of the State of New Jersey.

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and sister participating. But in our hearts were emotions beyond expression. The beautiful past, the unknown future!—gratitude for the one, fear and hope for the other, while above all were unceasing prayer, earnest petition for the blessing of our Father in heaven. Three months have passed, three of pleasure, with an occasional earth cloud, but I have reason for much gratitude.

“Father, help me do right, help thy handmaid do thy will and be Thou her guide and support.”

The following entry made in Mrs. Smith’s journal on July fifteenth, eighteen hundred and sixty, is a beautiful expression of a mother’s love, and a mother’s devotion to her babe:

“Changes come over all things earthly, and so they have o’er me. My boy is four months old—having begun his earthly pilgrimage on Saturday evening, the tenth of last March. To his mother he is beautiful, with his golden hair, blue eyes and exquisite complexion. He is not playful, and of course, we think it is because of some extra talent that makes him quiet and sedate.

“I feel deep solicitude for him to excel in goodness and in intellect. Great sprightliness, or any superficial charm, I am willing to sacrifice to real worth. I should like him to be a man of stern principles, who would rather be right than to occupy high places in this world’s honors.”

## MEMOIRS

One year later she wrote the following mournful words:

“An angel came and hushed my baby’s cries, and while I prayed that he might stay, stopped his breathing, stiffened his little limbs, and bore his spirit to heaven.”

*Our little life—  
Born of one fathomless eternity—  
Steals on a moment, and disappears  
In an eternity as fathomless.*

*There is a special providence in the falling of a sparrow; if it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all.*

—*Shakespeare.*

“On the brow was written with God’s own finger, ‘Everlasting peace;’ on the still breast, ‘Perfect purity;’ in the palms of the little hands, ‘No rough scar of earthly work shall ever stain them;’ on the white round feet, ‘Earth’s thorns shall never wound them;’ on the sealed eye-lids, ‘No tears shall wet them;’ and on the serene lips, ‘No cry of pain shall pass them.’ ”



## VIII

### PERSONAL TRAITS

*To live well is to think what is true,  
To feel what is beautiful,  
And to desire what is good.*

—Plato.

*Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure  
As the lily, or the mountain snow.*

—Thomson.

*Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty;  
And by that love they are redeemable,  
For in love and beauty they acknowledge good,  
And good is God.*

—Bailey.

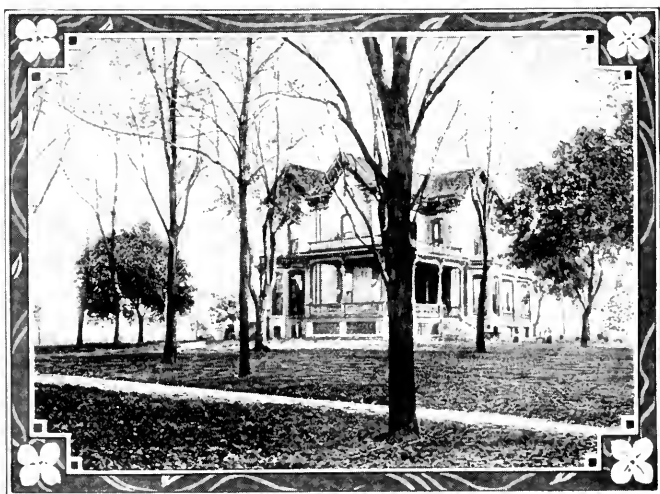
*There was a soft and pensive grace,  
A cast of thought upon her face,  
That suited well the forehead high,  
The eye-lash dark, and downcast eye,  
The mild expression spoke a mind  
In duty firm, composed, resigned.*

—Scott.

*Nothing truly can be term'd mine own  
But what I make mine own by using well.  
Those deeds of charity which we have done  
Shall stay forever with us; and that wealth  
Which we have so bestow'd, we only keep;  
The other is not ours.*

—Middleton.





HOME AT SEDALIA

## Chapter VIII

# PERSONAL TRAITS

*The angels sang in heaven when she was born.*  
—Longfellow.

*Her cheek had the pale pearly pink  
Of sea-shells, the world's sweetest tint, as though  
She lived, one half might deem, on roses sop'd  
In silver dew.*

—Bailey.

Nature was lavish in her gifts to this brilliant and attractive woman. Like Helen, of Argos, whose face launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium, she was such a pleasing personality that everybody claimed kin with her. She was above the medium stature, perfect both in form and feature. Her fine oval face, frank and open countenance and large wondering brown eyes were full of expression. In animated conversation they kindled with light and enthusiasm. In repose her face had about it the sad mystery of one who had suffered, and over it was the aureole of a saint. Her voice, soft and low, was musical as Apollo's lute. It bespoke a refined, sensitive, and gentle heart. Her disposition—rosy as the morn-

— Eighty-five —

## MEMOIRS

ing—was retiring, trusting, and confiding. In thought, feeling, expression and conduct, she lived on a level far above the selfishness, hate, anxiety, and ambition of this dim spot that men call earth. Hers was a life of good will, which is the only absolute good in the world, and is life indeed. The fruit of such a character is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance against which there is no law. Such a life finds its inspiration in the sermon on the mount, the Shepherd psalm, and Paul's tribute to love.

*"Her crown was in her heart, not on her head:  
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,  
Nor to be seen: her crown was called content;  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy."*

Her home in Sedalia, where she lived so many beautiful years, was a Mecca to which all made their pious pilgrimage when in need of help, sympathy, and advice. Every one, however humble his condition, or social position, found a listening ear, an understanding heart, and a helping hand according to the measure of his need. The Lord led her along a way she knew not. Through varied experiences she came to know the human heart, and how best to administer the needed help. The large estate inherited from her father and mother she held in trust as a good steward of the manifold grace of God. It was used for the comfort of her home, the happiness of her friends, the good of all, regardless of either race or color, for

## PERSONAL TRAITS

works of benevolence, education, and the advancement of the Christian religion both at home and in the lands beyond the seas. Never a society woman, she was a woman in society, and, with peculiar grace dispensed a generous hospitality. She believed women to be the first and greatest factors among the social, moral, and religious influences that make for the advancement of the race in the finer and the diviner things of life. She gave herself with singular intelligence, sympathy, and devotion to reforms of every kind. With all her heart she believed that as God rules the world that truth will not be forever on the scaffold, and wrong forever on the throne. The Lord be praised, she lived to see the dawn of the better day for which the world has waited long. The secret of her confidence was faith, and hope, which springs eternal in the human breast.

*"The sun set, but not on her hope;  
Stars rose, her faith was earlier up."*

There is not a more beautiful story in history than the story of her continued kindness to young women, young men, and widows. "The mercy I to others show, that mercy show to me," was a prayer which she could consistently pray. The best her most devoted friend could wish for her was that as she had done for others so, under like circumstances, might it be done for her. Her life was an object lesson on the golden rule translated into conduct. She believed that salvation should be expressed in terms of character rather

## MEMOIRS

than in terms of doctrine. This is the teaching of a striking expression in the book of Revelation: "It was given to her that she should array herself in fine linen, pure and bright, for the fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints." Through the patronage of Mrs. Smith many girls of small means were given advantages for education, culture, and social position that seldom come to even the daughters of wealthy parents. To be a guest in her home for years—as some were—was a liberal education to one responsive to such a refined and genial environment. To a chosen few she gave the culture that only comes from travel and study both in this country and in Europe. The traveled mind is the catholic mind educated from exclusiveness and egotism. "Nothing tends so much to enlarge the mind as traveling, that is, making visits to other towns, cities, and countries besides those in which we were born and educated." Saint Augustine used to say: "The world is a great book, of which they who never stir from home read only a page." The young women who shared the bounty of their generous friend made good use of the opportunities at hand, and in return gave the unchanging love and gratitude of fond hearts, and used their accomplishments to increase the happiness and to enrich the lives of others who were not so fortunate.

*"A grateful mind*

*By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharg'd."*

— Eighty-eight —



## PERSONAL TRAITS

Mrs. Smith's home was, also, a retreat for the widow who had no helper, especially for the one who was a life-long friend either of herself or of her father and mother. It was easy for her to practice the teaching of Israel's wisest king: "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend forsake not." It is as essential in the Christian religion to care for the widow and the orphan in affliction as it is to keep oneself unspotted from the world. It is a beautiful and suggestive fact that it was left for James, the Lord's brother, to give expression to the truth that active benevolence and personal purity are the fundamental considerations in the faith once for all delivered to the saints. If these are the essence of pure religion before our God and Father, great is the reward of our sister in heaven where even a cup of water given in the name of the Master will be remembered. When she finished her course and reached the other side, some whom she had fed, clothed, sheltered, and comforted till they gained the peace of death and the victory of everlasting life, were there to say: "Well done, thou good and faithful friend; enter now into the joy eternal of thy Lord!" Her ministry of love to the lowly was a fulfillment of the Master's words spoken under the solemn sanction of accepted death: "I was hungry, and you gave me meat; I was thirsty, and you gave me drink; I was a stranger, and you took me in; naked, and you clothed me; I was sick, and you visited me; I was in prison, and you came to me."

## MEMOIRS

*"She was the pride  
Of her familiar sphere—the daily joy  
Of all who on her graceful life might gaze,  
And in the light and music of her way  
Have a companion's portion."*

There was something in Mrs. Smith's character that was finer than anything she ever said or ever did. This was her Christ-like endurance of affliction. During most of her later years she was an invalid confined within the narrow spaces of the home, and rarely able to attend divine service, or to visit neighbors and friends. Much is written in history of heroic deeds, but much more remains to be said of heroic endurance. It is easier for the average person to bear the heat and the burden of the day in active toil than it is to patiently endure the ills—physical and mental—that weigh on the soul. Dr. Jno. Watson says in one of his graceful little books: "If it were given us to choose the way wherein we should walk, is there one of us would not prefer the way of doing to the way of suffering? What soldier would not rather charge on the most forlorn hope, with an almost certainty of dying in the breach, than stand on the deck of a sinking ship till she made the last plunge, and the cold waters closed over his head? He who charged had done something; putting heart into an army, showing the road to victory, giving his body for a bridge; but he who stood did nothing, striking no blow, advancing no cause, leaving no memorial. A mother's heart is

## PERSONAL TRAITS

light as she watches over her children and toils for their welfare, but she would fret and worry were she laid aside and commanded to rest. Any servant of Christ would ten times rather face a hostile world even to death in the declaration and the defense of the evangel, than be silenced and hear afar the sound of the battle. It is not given to us to know which has done most for a household; the strong man who won for them the meat which perishes, by the sweat of his face, or the gentle sufferer whose grace made clean their souls. We value the patriot whose words and deeds establish righteousness in the market-place, but may assign too little effect to his fellow held in prison and in bonds."

It is a beautiful figure that represents our Lord sitting as a purifier and refiner of silver, passing the ore through the crucible of fire till the dross is consumed, the silver refined, and his own image reflected in the metal. It is the crushed olive that yields the oil; the pressed grape that gives forth the wine; and it was the smitten rock that gave the people water. The broken, contrite heart is rich in holiness, fragrant in grace, and in the sight of God is the pearl of greatest price. "They who sail on the surface of a summer sea gain no treasures but those who, weighed down with sorrow, fear not to sound the depths, return to the light with pearls in their hands. One vigil with Christ in Gethsemane teaches more than can be heard in all the synagogues, than all we gather in our pleasant days. We learn at last to say: 'Thy will be done,' and

## MEMOIRS

to make our final surrender. If it be that hearts pass through Misery's presses, heaven is already bending over us in benediction, and the angels of God are making haste to be our ministers." It is the testimony of the wisest and the best of men that affliction teaches wisdom, culture, refinement, and sympathy that can be learned in no other way. Mr. William E. Gladstone paid this tribute to his mother: "Her character was deeply and thoroughly imbued with love. With strong and searching processes of bodily affliction she was assimilated in mind and heart to her Redeemer. Few mortals suffered more pain, or more faithfully recognized it as one of the instruments with which God is pleased to forward that restoring process for which we are placed on earth."

After the death of her mother and her babe, Mrs. Smith lived with her father and sister, in a pathetic affection deepened by a common sorrow. The loss of her only child was a blow from which she was slow to recover. More than two score years she carried in her heart this heavy sorrow. Her love for her son found increasing strength with increasing days. It came to be the ruling passion strong in death. This little nestling gone to heaven was the sweetest memory of her home. Like our Lord, having loved her own, she loved him till the end. All good men reverence a mother's devotion—even though it be the devotion of a mother-bird that does not fall on the ground without our Father. Birds fly away from battlefields except when there are nestlings. A tree was set on fire by a

## PERSONAL TRAITS

hot shot from a gun-boat. A soldier passed by when it was a pillar of flame, and there was a mocking bird dead on her nest with her wings spread out over her young—all of them dead. The captain, when he saw it, saluted and rode on into the battle.

When Mrs. Smith realized that her last hour on earth had come, she was the same calm, self-poised woman that she had always been. One whom she loved with singular devotion, and on whom she had bestowed special benefaction, sat beside her couch and held her hand—"a fair, frail hand that scarcely seemed of flesh—so wasted, white, and wan it was. The great, wondering brown eyes had sunk deep away in their sockets—and their light shone dim as tapers dying on an altar." To her young friend she bore this grateful testimony: "Vie, I am glad you are doing your duty in the world."

The last thought to which her tongue gave expression was for the one whom she loved and trusted above all others. "What will we do with sister?" she whispered in tones soft as a dream of beauty. Looking for the last time into the fond face that was bending over her she said:

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious to thee; the Lord lift up His countenance on thee and give thee peace." Then, "softly as a cloud, a golden cloud, upon a summer day, floats from the heat of land out o'er the sea, so her sweet life passed away."

With the exception of three years Mrs. Smith spent

## MEMOIRS

all her life in one place, and was buried in the cemetery on a wide prairie where she gathered wild flowers when a child. She carried in her heart the family history of scores of her neighbors as well as the history of the founding and the growth of the most beautiful city in central Missouri. Her familiar figure in the home, the house of God, and on the streets of the town, joined the present with the past, and opened a treasure-house of sacred memories. Such a career is an inspiration to the young to make life a beautiful and noble calling which will be followed by a lofty destiny and the dawn of immortality.

IX

HER POETRY

*Truth shines the brighter clad in verse.*

—Pope.

*Poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history.*

—Plato.

*You will find poetry nowhere unless you bring some with you.*

—Joubert.

*Poetry is the music of thought, brought to us in the music of language.*

—Chalfield.

*A poem's life and death dependeth still  
Not on the poet's wits, but reader's will.*

—Brome.

*Love well*

*The poet who may sow your grave with flowers,  
The traveler to the far land of the past.*

—Willis.

*Poetry is the sister of sorrow; every man that suffers and weeps, a poet; every tear is a verse; and every heart a poem.*

—Andre.

*Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has given me the habit of wishing to discern the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.*

—Coleridge.



## Chapter IX

# HER POETRY

The life of a poet should be a poem.

*"It seemed her pain had made her lay more sweet  
As I have heard the nightingale doth sing  
Pierced by a thorn; and God pains the hearts  
Of poets most who sing the sweetest song."*

Poets and painters have done more for the education, the elevation, the happiness, and the inspiration of the race than the philosophers. To the average mind philosophies and commentaries are as dry as summer dust. Poetry is the oldest form of literature, as may be seen from the Book of Job, which is a solemn tragedy, and Homer's Iliad, the greatest epic in any tongue. Poets and painters live in closest touch with nature and nature's God. When they write poems, or paint pictures, it is from the heart of things. Both are strangely endowed with a sixth sense, that is the ability to see, to understand, and to reveal to others the invisible. This makes them, next to our Lord, the greatest and the best of all teachers, because they live more and have their being in the realm of the infinite and the unseen. It is the testimony of the

## MEMOIRS

Divine Spirit that the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. Some one has said that poetry is truth told in a beautiful way. For this reason the most beautiful poetry in the world is the poetry of the Bible. This form of speech easily lends itself to the expression of religious thought and feeling. George R. Wendling makes the significant remark in one of his brilliant lectures that "there is not enough poetry in infidelity to make a single verse of song." The Old Testament prophets were singers as well as seers. Isaiah, the poet-prophet, was the forerunner of Christ both in the manner and the matter of his teaching. His prophecy is in reality the fifth gospel. The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah would be a fitting introduction to the study of the arrest, the trial and the crucifixion of our adorable Lord, as reported by the four evangelists.

Much of the Master's teaching, with slight change, can be thrown into rhythmic phrase. This is especially true of the sermon on the mount. Dull indeed must be the ear that cannot detect the poetry on almost every page of the gospel narratives. The apostle Paul adorned his sermons and epistles with quotations both from the Hebrew and the classic poets. More than a score of such quotations are found in the epistle to the Romans. His sermon preached on Mars' Hill at Athens, reported by Luke, the beloved physician, is a masterpiece of sacred eloquence. On this brief address his fame as an orator at last will rest. Instead of reading the Jewish Scriptures he selects his text

## HER POETRY

from an inscription on one of the many pagan altars to be seen on every hand, and illustrates and enforces his teaching with a line found in two Greek poets: "For we also are his offspring." These two poets were Aratus, a Celician, one of Paul's own countrymen, and the other was Cleanthes. The following are the opening lines in the poem by Aratus:

*"From Jove we begin—who can touch the string  
And not harp praise to Heaven's eternal King?  
He animates the mart and crowded way,  
The restless ocean, and the sheltered bay.  
Dost care perplex? Is lowering danger nigh?  
We are his offspring and to Jove we fly."*

Cleanthes begins his sublime hymn to Jupiter, which contains forty lines, with this stanza:

*"Most glorious of the gods, immortal Jove;  
Supreme on earth beneath, in heaven above!  
Thou great first cause, whose word is nature's law,  
Before thy throne we mortals bend with awe;  
For we thine offspring are. To man is given—  
To man alone—to lift a voice to Heaven."*

Mrs. Smith learned in suffering what she taught in song. It costs a great deal to be a poet as it does to be a blessing. Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to the highest grade of service, and few there are that find it. Only those who pay the price

## MEMOIRS

have the reward of a useful life. The real cost of a book is the labor one must give in understanding it. The one without the other is of little value. This is the meaning of the paradox: "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath." This is true, because fidelity to match the capacity and the opportunity is the highest achievement. This is the one thing that is everything. The matter of first importance is what a man is, rather than what he does or what he says. The life is more than meat and the body is more than raiment. It is Christ's method to make the tree good, and the fruit will be good also. A good man out of the good treasure of his heart brings forth good things; and an evil man out of the evil treasure brings forth evil things. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles.

*"Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good;  
Kind hearts are more than coronets  
And simple faith than Norman blood."*

The greatest forces, both in nature and redemption, move through silent courses. The dew of summer and the frost of winter are not distilled in a storm. In the quiet night while men sleep both come on every tree, and flower, and blade of grass in the country and in the town. So, also, the real benefactors of the race are the sweet and virtuous souls who work in quiet

## HER POETRY

ways, and sometimes in lonely places, giving to the world inspiring sentiments and high ideals. It was said by a thoughtful mind that when Millet painted the two peasants standing in the field, with bowed heads, at the hour of evening prayer, listening to the bells in the convent tower, he did more for labor, and the laboring man, than if he had seized a spade and worked in the fields of France for fifty years. The poets have done quite as much for the conversion of the world as the evangelists. Multitudes have been won to Christ by a song even when the sermon had failed. An interesting story is told of Augustus Toplady. More than a hundred years ago he was a lad in England. His parents were pious people, but the son in spite of many prayers, sermons, and entreaties, was still resolved never to become a Christian. In the providence of God, however, his good mother and her son made a visit to Ireland. On the Lord's day they went to a place of worship where a good man was to preach. This minister was most earnest in his sermon. He put the question to the unsaved whether they would give themselves to Christ, or remain in their sins. Every time the pastor repeated the question, the young man said in his heart: "No, I will not." At the close of the sermon his heart seemed harder than ever! The minister gave out an invitation hymn. It begins: "Come ye sinners, poor and wretched." The congregation, stirred by the sermon, sang the song with the spirit and the understanding. What the sermon could not do the singing of the hymns did. It moved

## MEMOIRS

his heart as the waters when the wind blows on the face of the sea. It was the Spirit of God calling him through the hundreds of voices singing the gospel that day. This lad, saved by a song, became a minister of the word and author of the stately hymn:

*“Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.”*

Whatever was Mrs. Smith's experience in pain and sorrow it did not destroy the poetry in her heart, which, like the Aeolian harp, was responsive to the tempest's breath, and filled the night with praise. “She counted only the hours that are serene, took no note of time but by its benefits, watched only for the smiles, neglected the frowns of fate, composed her life of bright and gentle moments, turned always to the sunny side of things, and let the rest slip from her unnumbered or forgotten.” A minor key in her poems suggests that experience had taken her below the surface of things down into the mystery of the world, its sin, its suffering, and its sorrow. It was hers to suffer much, but she was given beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Some of her poetry “cheers like a sunbeam; charms like a good story; inspires like a brave leader; binds like a golden chain; and guides like a heavenly vision.” The following “Rhapsody” is a fair sample of her poems which will compose the second part of this little book:

— *One Hundred Two* —

## HER POETRY

*"Dear little baby, how strange it does seem  
To see your face laughing so sweet in a dream.  
Are the angels that brought you so close to our shores  
That you still catch the light of their bright, dripping  
oars,  
Cleaving the waters of heavenly hue,  
That bear them away from me and from you?  
Are their whispered goodbyes, and the kisses they  
fling—  
Voiceless to me as a bird on the wing—  
So full for my baby of promise and grace,  
That heavenly glory is shed o'er his face?  
Do they tell you alone of mirth and of song,  
And of flower-strewn paths for your feet in the  
throng,  
And bring you, my darling, to bless me awhile  
With the grace and the charm of your magical smile?"*

*"Ah! Questions are vain. We only can know  
That the years with their changes must come and  
must go:  
That the lives that are past, and the lives that are  
brought  
Are by our Father with mystery fraught;  
That the joy you bring to a world growing old  
Is more precious than jewels in caskets of gold.  
It is mine for today—yes, mine for all time —  
Here and hereafter—eternally mine!"*





X

HER POEMS

*Poetry itself is a thing of God. He made his prophets poets; and the more we feel of poetry do we become more like God in love and power.*

—Bailey.

*Poetry is something to make us wiser and better, by continually revealing those types of beauty and truth which God has set in all men's souls.*

—Lowell.





MRS. MARTHA E. SMITH

## Chapter X

# HER POEMS

### PRAYER

Father, my heart I bring to Thee,  
That 'Thou my greatest need may'st see;  
Hard, unworthy, frail and weak,  
Thy tender aid I humbly seek.  
This world of light, and love and song,  
Doth chant Thy praise in echoes long;  
Each tiny bird, and flower and tree,  
Gives glad, sweet strains of minstrelsy,  
All Nature tunes her soul to sing  
Thy praise, and all her glory bring  
To honor Thee, my God and King;  
But I, alas, with my torn wing,  
Low in the dust must ever lie,  
Unless Thou lift my soul on high  
And give my tired feet the strength  
To walk in Wisdom's ways at length.

Sedalia, Mo., 1878.

## MEMOIRS

### TRANSFORMATION

When Summer hath waned into Autumn's bright hue,  
And frosts take the place of the earlier dew,  
With a tenderness only that dear mothers know,  
Death hideth her darlings away 'neath the snow.

The life that seemed waning in storm and in heat,  
In exquisite casket lies safe and complete;  
Each tiny seed wrapped in its shell on the sod,  
Fulfilling in silence its mission to God.

No life is destroyed, only changed in its kind,  
And Summer will give it again to the wind;  
Bud, leaf and blossom all perfect again  
Will adorn with gay beauty the pathway of men.

Twin sister of life, rejoicing I come,  
With laurel and wreath for the good thou hast done;  
O process of Nature!—O wonderful thought—  
Life gives us death, from death life is wrought.

Sedalia, Mo., 1878.

*HER POEMS*

DR. B. B. TYLER ON HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY

On life's rugged road 'tis sweet to stand  
On the top of its loftiest peak,  
And gazing afar toward the possible land,  
Its ultimate boundary seek.  
It is thine today, that wonderful sweep  
In the distance, so mellowed and fair  
That the touch of the Lord seems almost to reach  
Thy face in its uplift of prayer.  
Transfigured by faith the past all appears  
A garlanded way opened wide;  
A glorious vista of joy and of tears,  
The dear, dear friends, the altar, the bride.  
But the call of the Reaper oft heard to the fold  
Hushed many of those loved ones to sleep;  
"Beside the still waters" they love as of old,  
And vigil eternal they keep.  
Oh, marvelous love! For the oncoming years  
We pray His righteousness still  
To illumine thy pathway and dispel all thy fears,  
While loving and working His will.

New York, April 9, 1890.

## MEMOIRS

### A DOLLAR FOR THE CHURCH

A poem must come, a dollar be made,  
'Tho' rhymes and dimes are not my trade.  
Still must I try; my wings must fly.  
Out of my brain must come a strain  
Of jingle and tingle to mix and to mingle  
The dryest of worth with heartiest mirth;  
That saints that are wrinkled,  
And saints that are gray,  
That saints that are youngest,  
And saints that are gay,  
May laugh and beguile one sweet hour away.

But oh, that dollar; how can I get it?  
I cannot beg, how can I fix it?  
A bright idea, The Christian will  
Bring it, Subscribe, subscribe,  
Dear friend, without a bribe.  
At once, at once, subscribe, sub;  
A shoulder cold:  
"No Christian needed in our fold."

Sedalia, 1895.



HER POEMS

BABY HANDS—OLDER HANDS

In childhood's hours—for joy or woe  
A day is a ponderous thing.  
The morrows are all too stately and slow,  
Delaying the pleasures they promise to bring.

But on they go—both sure and fleet,  
These days of slow advance.  
And baby hands and baby feet  
Go gaily on in the dance.

But a little while and the past will hold  
A measure so full of days  
That baby memories growing old  
In looking back will count decades.

Ah well, if baby hands and baby feet  
Have kept their record true,  
The older hands and older feet  
Will have no cause to rue;  
But all be joy and all be sweet  
To lay at the Master's holy feet.

New York, October, 1889.

## MEMOIRS

### GARFIELD'S STRUGGLE FOR LIFE

(Trip to Long Branch. When he was dying)

Bow to your God, ye men called divine ;  
Kneel on the sod, ye men from the mine ;  
Swift run your train, O good engineer ;  
Brave, though he dies, there's nothing to fear.

Hark : "Let her go," the dying man said ;  
Speed, then, your train, and onward they sped ;  
Too late, alas ! the breeze from the wave  
Kissed his pale brow, but too late to save.

Room for the hearse, a great soul is gone ;  
Break, oh, ye hearts, the dark deed is done ;  
Toll all ye bells, a world bows in grief ;  
Roar all ye guns, dead, dead, lies your chief.

Mourn, all ye fair, your hero lies low ;  
Songs fill the air, but all tell of woe ;  
Droop for your son, ye flag of the free ;  
Wail all ye lands, from sea unto sea.

Jersey City, October 1, 1881.

## HER POEMS

### THE CHILD'S SONG

Kitty, kitty, go to sleep,  
Shut your eyes, now don't you peep;  
Sing with me your little song,  
But do not make it very long.

Hurry, kitty, for you see,  
Mamma soon will come for me;  
And I must see you safe in bed,  
All covered up except your head.

And while I rock you in my chair,  
You must purr your little prayer;  
Although you say it soft and low,  
Christ will hear it all, you know.

Mamma makes me bend my knee,  
But kitty, dear, you can't, you see;  
For you're too little yet to try,  
See: I'm so tall, and big, and high.

And then you can't say any words,  
No more than chicks or little birds;  
But when you do your best to tell,  
He will hear you just as well.

Sedalia, Mo., February 18, 1879.

## MEMOIRS

### CONSOLATION

(To Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Gunnell, of Colorado Springs, on the death  
of their daughter, "Kate")

"There is no death," save death for life,  
Our life is here the wealth of death;  
No life on earth our God doth give  
That is not nurtured by its breath.

Your darling only closed her eyes  
To open them on deathless life;  
The eternal hills of Paradise  
Are hers, with everlasting life.

No death nor anguish will she know  
In that fair realm where life is love,  
No shadow cloud her radiant brow  
Where Peace eternal reigns above.

Let not your home be hushed and stilled  
Where erst her voice made melody,  
The keys her fairy fingers trilled  
Will yield again their symphony.

O, stricken ones, be strong and brave,  
Your storm-swept hearts our Lord will still;  
The world is full of souls to save,  
Your child is safe. Abide His will.

New York, March 10, 1890.

*HER POEMS*

MY FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY

Out of God's eternal treasure,  
Moving swiftly through the spheres,  
Come to us with unvoiced measure  
Days and weeks and months and years.

They are jewels for our keeping,  
And by toil must polished be;  
While in darkest hours of weeping  
They gather light we cannot see.

Tho' the task is long and heavy,  
Bravely we must bear it all;  
For even gems without their grinding  
Ne'er can grace a kingly hall.

Time, with furnace-heat and mallet,  
Helps us deal the needed blows;  
And will lose no scattered fragment  
From the anvil where it glows.

Then at last sweet rest will find us,  
Decked in years and years of gems,  
And the darkness left behind us  
Will be aglow with diadems.

## MEMOIRS

So today I tread the highlands  
Of the glorious, golden time,  
Where the pilgrim scarce can enter  
Without prophecy sublime.

Sedalia, January 10, 1880.

## THRENODY

Oh, ye strange city of the dead,  
Ye are not strange to me;  
Hearts with more of love  
Than earth could hold  
Are in thy strong embrace,  
And I did share that love,  
Feet whose swiftness  
Outran for me the fastest  
Flight of time; and dear folded  
Hands that were quick to bind  
My slightest wounds,  
And lip and eye whose  
Inwrought souls hid  
All my faults in sympathy  
Divine, lie sleeping in thy shades.  
Ah, for me such  
Noble service hath been  
Wrought in such sweet way, by them,  
That love did give to love  
A prophecy of Heaven.

## HER POEMS

Only yester morn through  
Thy silent groves another form  
Was borne, a dear tired  
Form, whose dimpled  
Hands did clasp my  
Own at school, and later walked  
Beside me in the young  
Romance of life.  
Anon, our hands did  
Touch in mid-day's shine  
And storm, and we  
Wept and joyed together as time  
Went on. And now her  
Sinless life, with the stamp of grief  
In deepest lines  
Upon her sad brow,  
Is yielded up  
To God in all her chastened  
Beauty. Each pain and sorrow  
Suffered here, and borne so patiently,  
Beams now a gem of glory  
In her coronet of love and joy.  
And so it is not strange to me  
This land of hallowed dead,  
Their music sweet fills all the air,  
On this my soul is fed.

Sedalia, Mo., September, 1898.

## MEMOIRS

### TO "GRANDMA" KULLMER, ON HER EIGHTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY

Sweet spirit that so long hath graced  
The royal feast of life,  
And given thy service in the ranks  
Of holy Christian strife.

We come with loving words to greet  
Thy presence while we may;  
To weave a garland for thy brow  
On this glad Christmas day.

In all our years that backward lie,  
Thou hast led the way,  
And all that dreadful seemed to youth,  
Made beautiful as day.

The awful path where trials lay  
In wait for tender feet,  
Dismayed us, till we saw beyond,  
Thy face so pure and sweet.

The lowering clouds, the storm and stress,  
From which we shrank with fear,  
Changed in thy blessed company  
To Heavenly calm and cheer.

Like leaves that in the warm embrace  
Of sun and dew unfold,  
The glow of Jesus' love thy face  
And form benignly hold.



## HER POEMS

Filled at His fount of love, thy heart  
Reflects His love again,  
Then giveth out, in word and deed,  
Unto thy fellow men.

And so we come with joy to greet  
Thy presence while we may,  
To weave a garland for thy brow  
On this, thy natal day.

Sedalia, Mo., December 25, 1898.

### TO MILDRED BARD

(On receiving her picture)

Roses lie all about thy path, my child,  
And sunshine gilds thy day,  
But He who grants this joyous life  
May sometime cloud thy way.

Then take and trust a Father's love,  
He doeth all things well.  
Be yours the Hope—the Faith to move—  
The shadows to dispel.

Life is sweet, my little friend,  
To those whose hearts are true,  
And Love's the passport in the end  
That makes our Heaven secure.

—One Hundred Nineteen—

## MEMOIRS

### A FRIEND'S SILVER WEDDING

(Mr. and Mrs. Sam Beiler)

In all the world there's not a girl  
So dear to me as darling Jennie;  
She'd say me nay in such sweet way  
It didn't scare me worth a penny.

Her step was high and her tender eye  
Beat all the eyes of lovers faery;  
When turned on me, bade darkness flee,  
I longed to call her "mine, my dearie."

A time there came when hope was gone,  
For 'neath the stars one silent evening  
I left her with a heart forlorn,  
And gave my heart to bitter grieving.

Another time she gave a smile,  
That smile her maiden love confessing;  
And in all these years, 'tis true, my dears,  
Oh, girls, you cannot beat me guessing.

And thus tonight, with love bedight,  
I here unfurl the silver lining;  
For every cloud has turned to light,  
Transformed by Cupid's soft beguiling.

## HER POEMS

In fragrant fells and bosky dells,  
Where'er a loyal lover dwells,  
No word so sweet as one that tells  
Of wedding bells, sweet silver bells.

Oh, bells sublime, oh, bells divine,  
Oh, happy, heavenly wedding bells,  
The silver bells, the golden bells,  
The everlasting wedding bells.

Ring out, ring out your glad refrain,  
Ring 'round the earth your happy chimes;  
Ring out, and out, and out again,  
And ring to Heaven the glad Amen.

Sedalia, Mo., 1897.

## MEMOIRS

### TO AGNES DALBY

(On receiving a beautiful picture of herself)

Pausing here in grace and beauty  
Heart and soul all undefiled,  
I would throw life's fairest flowers  
For thy feet, my darling child.

And in all thy happy morning  
Stamped by heaven with richest ray  
Youth and joy thy face adorning,  
Hope's sweetest song should be my lay.

And on and on through womanhood  
More grace, more beauty and more song,  
With love divine, (not understood)  
Should keep thy steps thy way along.

September, 1900.

### ON BIRTHDAY OF MY FRIEND, MRS. JAELE GENTRY, 1903

Oh, blessed baby, with eyes of blue  
Laughing and sobbing the whole day through!  
Day by day each year hath wrought  
And added grace, a wealth of thought,  
A halo on thy brow hath thrown  
Of duty well and bravely borne.

— *One Hundred Twenty-two* —

## HER POEMS

That baby, now with crown of white,  
Her life aglow with heavenly light,  
Is laughing still—with eyes of blue  
And working still—the whole day through  
And blessing still—in many ways,  
Oh, grant her more—more years of days.

## MY VALENTINE

In every clime beneath the sun,  
Where'er the rapid years do run,  
Until both sun and stars decline,  
I'll hold you as my Valentine.

And when the sands of life run low,  
And fortunes come and fortunes go;  
In tottering age, in life's decline,  
You still shall be my Valentine.

And when both days and years are past,  
And we have reached the eternal vast,  
E'en then and there you shall be mine,  
My ever living Valentine.

February, 1895.

## MEMOIRS

### HELP FOR THE POOR

Mothers, look out from your warm, sunny homes  
Where comfort and love have made their abode,  
And count, if you can, the dear little ones  
Whom poverty drives away from your door.

From carpets so soft that your tread is unheard,  
From firesides crackling and sparkling with mirth,  
From cradles where naught but the love coo is heard,  
From walls that shut in all the pleasures of earth.

Let your feet go in search of the waifs of the town,  
Look into their hovels of want or of shame,  
And show them the beauty of labor and toil,  
And teach them to work for a home and a name.

Little untrained hands that are empty and cold,  
Little hearts that have never been lifted in prayer,  
Little feet that are wandering away from the fold,  
Little moans that are lost on the dull wintry air

Are waiting for balm you only can bring,  
The light you can throw on their darkened way;  
The gladness of song you only can sing,  
The glorious love that brightens your day.

## HER POEMS

Like toiling insects beneath the dark sea,  
We are building a fabric our Father hath planned,  
Where each one must work, tho' in shadow it be,  
Till eternity's light reveals where we stand.

Teach them the gladness of work, and a song will be sung,  
Hallelujahs the angels will hear;  
"The sweat of thy brow" is the magical word  
That rings down the ages in tones loud and clear.

Sedalia, Mo., 1884.

## REMINISCENCE

(Coming to Sedalia)

An impulse eternal from the Great and the Good  
Stirred the heart of our father as he turned from the wood  
And built in the prairie a home in its wild,  
Where solitude reigned supreme, undefiled.

Under its roof tree sweet fancies were told  
Of the future, excelling King Midas of old;  
Suns rose and set, stars shone on high,  
And the winds, undisturbed, trailed their way from the sky.

The family housed, he went out in the blast  
And battled for progress and privilege vast;  
All alone for a time he wrought with a will,  
Knowing Heaven at last his wish would fulfill.

Sedalia, Mo., February 24, 1895.

## MEMOIRS

### A CHILD AND THE BUTTERFLY

#### A True Story

(Dear Little Maggie Laidlaw)

“Butterfly, butterfly, beautiful thing!  
Did you catch from the rainbow your many hued wing?  
Did the sun, as you came through the skies,  
From palette o’erflowing with exquisite dyes,  
Drop splashes of paints on your wings soft and white,  
And send you to me in this whirl of delight?

“Butterfly, butterfly, light on my hand!  
Just look and you’ll notice how still I can stand.  
I will hurt you no more than the trees and the flowers,  
Where you frolic and play all the long summer hours.  
I’ll pluck a bright “star”\* from the grass at my feet,  
And hold it up high while my call I repeat.”

Over the fence and away to the street,  
The butterfly swept on his wing wild and fleet,  
And left the child chasing it down to the gate,  
Calling, “Butterfly, butterfly, why can’t you wait?”  
The scene and the tones in my mind linger yet,  
Making picture and music I cannot forget.

The next summer came with its flowers and birds;  
Its skies deep and blue, holding billows of pearls.  
Its pleasures and gladness, from Heaven above,

---

\*Dandelion.



## HER POEMS

Were weaving about us, a fabric of love.  
When alas! The beautiful child craving beautiful things,  
Was borne from our arms upon angels' bright wings.

The dear little hands that our own had kept warm,  
The frolicsome feet we had guarded from harm;  
Grew pulseless and still—the spirit had fled,—  
We were watching alone with our glorified dead.  
Like the child for the fly, now we call and we wait,  
Looking still toward the sky, standing still at the gate.

Sedalia, Mo., June, 1878.

### A LITTLE TRIBUTE TO MRS. A. D. JAYNES

Oh, come and bring flowers, earth's richest flowers,  
And lay them all down down at her feet:  
She loved you and blessed you in life's sunny hours,  
And now she is resting in sleep.

'Tis no time to weep, 'tis no time to mourn.  
When her victory of life is complete:  
But bring chaplets, rare chaplets of flowers,  
The richest of flowers, and lay them all down at her feet.

Sedalia, Mo., December 1, 1900.

## MEMOIRS

### PARODY

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
The punkin pie is almost done, our jubilee is near;  
Heaped in barrels down below, the fragrant apples lie  
A-waitin' for the sewin' bee an' girl with laffin' eye.

The win's a-howlin' 'round the house, the rain is fallin' fast,  
The leaves are flyin' up an' down, the sunshine all is past;  
The hay is in the barn, an' the corn is in the shock,  
An' the boys'll go a-huskin', whether schule keeps in or not.

An' gramma keeps a-knittin'—a-knittin' for us all—  
An' I hold the hanks while Mimy winds the ball;  
Our Mimy is a daisy, with cheeks like apples red,  
An' she blushes, an' she blushes at everything that's said.

The wren is gone, an' all the birds, and the rabbit thro' the leaves  
Keeps up a noise, a constant noise like rain from drippin' eaves;  
The win's a-blowing all the day, an' from the trees the crow  
Seems a-grievin' for the flowers that perished long ago.

But Mimy's lips are like the rose, her eyes the sweetest blue,  
An' then her hair ain't very red, but just a golden hue;  
An' the sunflower's nothin' to the yaller dress she wears  
When we are out a-walkin', an' a-gazing at the stars.

An' when a good day comes, as still such days will come  
To call the squirrel an' the bee from out their winter home,  
An' I hear the nuts a-droppin', e'en tho' the trees are still  
An' all the day is smoky o'er the waters of the rill.

## HER POEMS

Ah, then I wouldn't care how many summers died  
If Mimy could be only forever at my side;  
No gloom would ever darken that happy home of ours,  
For 'twould blossom as the rose with Eden's fairest flowers.

Sedalia, Mo., November 10, 1890.

### SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY REFLECTIONS

A Spinner who wrought with the speed of the wind,  
On an errand of mercy was sent to mankind;  
From the throne of the Master his mandate was given:  
Draw out a thread so strong, so sublime,  
That nothing can rend it; nor malice, nor hate.  
Draw it out! Draw it out, the task is divine.  
From morn until night no rest must thou take;  
From night until morn the same diligence make—  
Through sunshine and tempest, in storm and in calm,  
Relax not thy vigil, withhold not thine arm.  
Wouldst know this thread from the realm of day?  
'Tis the Christ love in mortals, those beings of clay,  
Who frail as a bubble have come in their pride,  
With this golden thread their only true guide  
Through the storms and quicksands of this lowly earth  
It leads back to heaven, the place of their birth.  
And guarding it well from stain and from rust;  
'Tis the anchor of safety that will hold for the Just.

New York, 1890.

## MEMOIRS

### INVALID REVERIES

My morning was bright with a glorious sky,  
And I joined the toilers hurrying by;  
But my hands were soon idle, my feet became still,  
Impatient, I cried, "Is it really God's will?"

I'm weary with beating 'gainst cold prison bars  
That shut out my life as clouds do the stars;  
I'm chafing to join the bold busy throng,  
Who are giving their work as birds do their song.

Oh, bounteous heaven, is there nothing for me,  
Save idling here on the sands of the sea,  
Watching the workers who haste to the shore,  
Their sheaves safely garnered, their labors all o'er?

The waters already are touching my feet,  
No work have I done that for Heaven seems meet;  
What shall I say to the "Spirit who grieves"  
To carry me over with "nothing but leaves?"

Oh, for strength in the vineyard to work for one day;  
But if that is denied me, still let me pray  
That God will accept me as one of the throng  
Who worships and loves Him with unceasing song.

St. Louis, October, 1879.

HER POEMS

THOUGHTS ON THE CLOSE OF A BEAUTIFUL  
YOUNG LIFE

“Time is short, and work must be done,”  
And her delicate fingers wove night and day;  
So swiftly they wrought their fabric of love  
That the blush of the morn was still on her cheek,  
Its dew not yet brushed away by her feet,  
When the web and the woof of her life were all told,  
And fell into our arms, rich fold upon fold.  
Finished, finished! Oh, God, it is soon  
To close such a life. For so sweet a boon  
To go out from our perishing earth—  
So weak, so needing the help she could give,  
Could heaven not spare her yet a short time to live?  
Still, Father, we bless thee, thou lovest the fair,  
And our angel is safe, tho’ gone from our care;  
But, Father, *we* grope, it is dark, give us light,  
Let us not sink, but have strength to bear,  
To *do*, and to dare, to *work* in the world’s busy throng.  
Our darling so brightened our pathway here  
That we knew little of sadness, thought little of fear.  
Take thou now our hand, dear Lord,  
And lead us, tho’ blindly, by thy living word,  
And let us not cringe as the slaves of a King,  
But knowing thy love, tho’ we weep, let us sing.

Sedalia, Mo., June, 1887.

## MEMOIRS

### MY SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

Oh, I can never forget, it clings to me yet,  
The bound and the swing of life's merry spring,  
When with sister at play at the breaking of day,  
When the world, newly born, woke the stir of the morn,

And the whispering stars with Orion and Mars,  
Were fanned in the sky by the wind passing by,  
Making melody sweet, that danced in our feet,  
And bowed the great trees in the whispering breeze.

Or when our little tasks ended, our mother suspended  
A few moments more her watch at the door,  
And in race or in dance, away we would prance,  
Beguiling the time in laughter and smile.

So it comes to me yet with but little regret,  
For my seventy years have banished the tears,  
The vista between filled with beauty serene  
Is vocal with song all the day long.

Oh, the lark's note on high, and the wind sailing by,  
We hear it today as together we pray,  
"Nearer, Nearer, My God, to Thee," hand in hand, oh, let us  
More and more Thy love divine, more and more, oh, make  
Thine.

Sedalia, Mo., 1890.

## HER POEMS

### DEATH

With reverent awe, oh, dreaded Death,  
I beg to lift thy somber veil  
The while I seek with bated breath  
To find God's love in thee prevail.

Oh, let me come and lift the pall,  
Perchance, e'en glory I may see;  
For He who made and loveth all,  
Hath crowned our earthly life with thee.

Then let me linger near thy side  
As friend and friend together go,  
And waiting in thy portal wide,  
Abide my time 'till all I know.

It cannot be that thou dost hide  
In awful covert lone and bare  
Save but to crush some awful pride  
And give for love a wild despair.

No, thy wing is brooding in the air,  
In every sound thy tale is told;  
Thy Maker's law doth everywhere  
Demand a new life for the old.

## MEMOIRS

By thee my pulses first were stirred,  
By thee my wants are all supplied;  
New songs in life had ne'er been heard  
If older music had not died.

Without thee I had never known  
The pleasure of this life on earth;  
And can I doubt that from thy throne  
We gain the great immortal birth?

Then creep no more, O soul of mine,  
Through paths by Death itself made bright,  
But plume thy wings for fairer clime,  
And soar with her to higher light.

Oh! let our vanished ones have wings  
To speed them on to worlds sublime,  
For universal Nature sings,  
"The Hand that made us is divine."

Sedalia, Mo., August, 1878.



## HER POEMS

### PASSING OF THE CENTURY

Oh, Time, withhold thy hand. Take not yet away from us  
This century grand. This century on whose fair tablets men  
Have writ such noble deeds. We know the good old  
Eighteen hundred, and now, ere thou hast closed the door,  
Ere the lock is turned forever on this hallowed name,  
And we are thrust in stranger halls, may we not wander back  
And clasp once more the hands we loved and grasped,  
And hear once more from lips that loved, our name  
In love? What has this Nineteen Hundred with its long  
Stretch of years to exchange for our happy past?  
We pray thee wait a little while before the change,  
And make more sure of all the wonders men have wrought,  
And now hold out to thee, Old Time.

\* \* \* \* \*

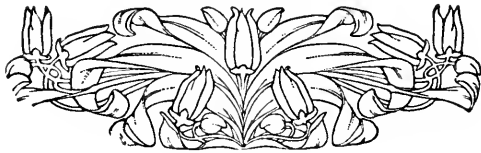
The clouds that draped the world in darkness all  
Day long, sped rapidly away, and while I mused,  
The stars joined hands and danced in gladness.  
The good old year with sweeter face than I had ere beheld,  
And eyes that beamed o'er all the world in love,  
Laid all her burdens down, gathered up her  
Jewels of Truth and Righteousness and  
Shedding happiness from her golden wings,  
Waved a glad good night, and vanished  
Into that hallowed past that already  
Holds for us so much of the beautiful.

— *One Hundred Thirty-five* —

## MEMOIRS

The fair New Year had come while I lingered  
With the old. And life went bounding on to the  
Music of the stars, as from creation's dawn,  
And the lesson, that only Love and Faith and Hope  
And character are immortal, and that the  
Pure in heart alone shall see God, was borne into my soul  
With the gladness of the night, and I was happy  
And welcomed Nineteen Hundred  
As the other sped away.

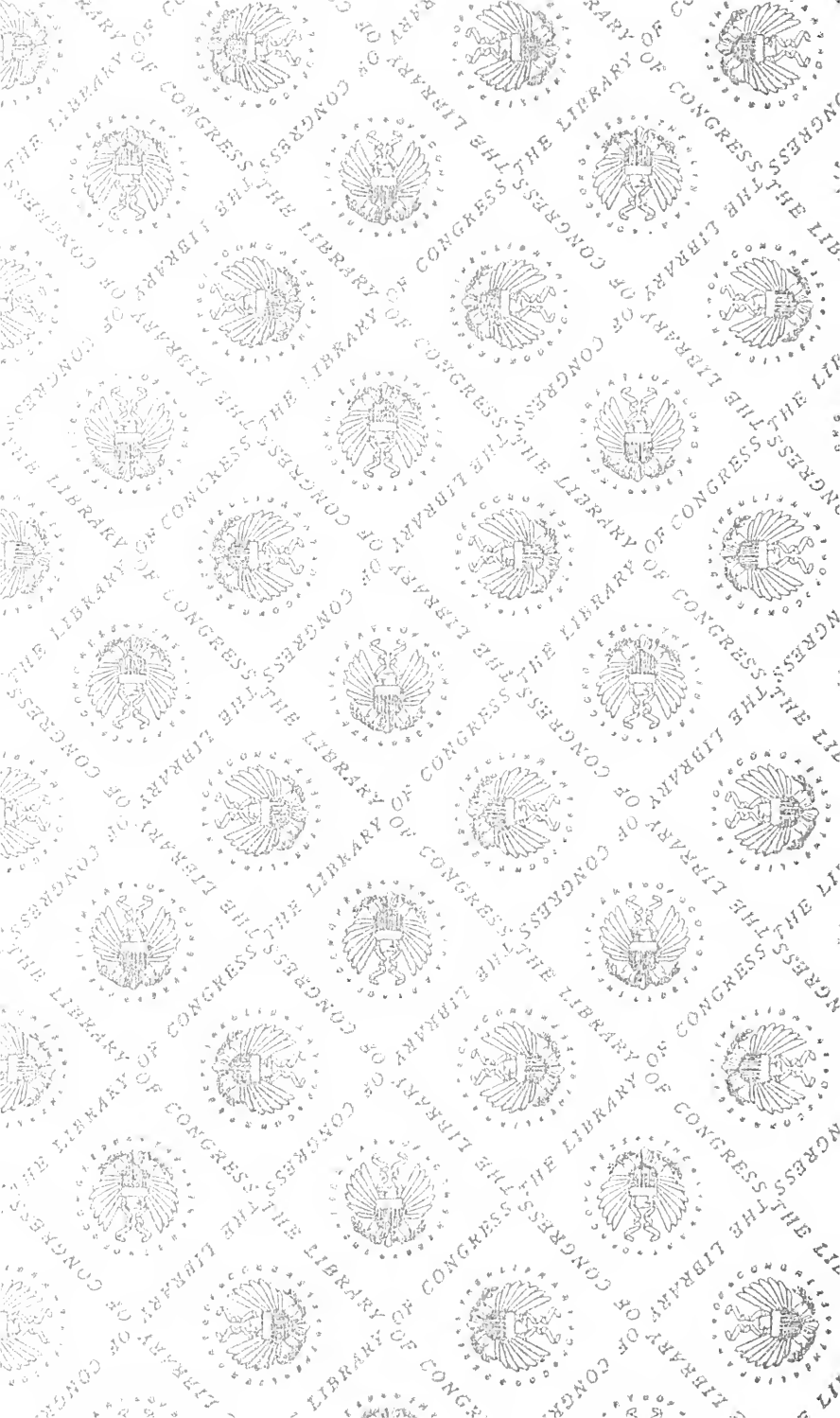
Sedalia, Mo., January 1, 1900.











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